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THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

AFTER many desperate efforts on the part of both players, the shuttlecock of the Washington Treaty seems at last about to fall to the ground. The motive of the recent exertions was not discreditable, but the game had for some time past visibly tended to a collapse. The telegraphic correspondence between Mr. FISH and General SCHENCK proves that the American Government was from the first determined to make no substantial concession. Some passages in the letters are in themselves not a little surprising. General SCHENCK informs the SECRETARY OF STATE that the English Government has been chiefly influenced by an unwillingness on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE to seem to relinquish the extreme position which he took as to the interpretation of the Treaty, and by a reluctance to accept any rule to limit claims against neutrals in future. In England Mr. GLADSTONE has generally been suspected of an undue eagerness to make concessions; but it is of course possible that the general impression may have been unfounded. General SCHENCK's belief that the English nation or Government wished to reserve the contingent right of imitating Mr. SUMNER is one of those misconceptions which almost seem to show that international understandings are impossible. In an earlier part of the correspondence Mr. FISH makes the astonishing statement that neither in the Case presented at Geneva nor in the instructions to General SCHENCK did the American Government ask for pecuniary damages on account of the indirect claims. The Case in the plainest language contains the claim for the costs of the war after Gettysburg, or for such part of the costs as the Tribunal may consider just, with interest in either case from the same date at seven per cent. It was impossible to reconcile the resolution of the American Government with the withdrawal of the claims. It is barely possible that, if the Supplementary Article had been ratified by both Governments, with or without modifications, the arbitration might have escaped further miscarriage; but as soon as it was announced that the Senate had introduced amendments into the draft of the Article, it was justly assumed that their object must have been to obtain some verbal recognition of the disputed claims. The original Article had excited many misgivings in England, because the condemnation of the mode of extortion under consideration was strictly confined to the future. The PRESIDENT was to undertake to make no claim at Geneva; but it would have been undoubtedly contended that the claim had already been made. It is now scarcely worth while to inquire whether a virtual retractation of the demand would have been too dearly purchased by connivance at an ambiguous phrase. To an English judgment it seems that it would have been a more dignified course simply to withdraw the indirect claims; nor can it be said that the harshest criticism of the proposed contrivance is not fully justified. General SCHENCK's device, which probably originated in instructions from his Government, was in the highest degree anomalous; but the American Government seemed not to appreciate the inconsistency of the two recitals that the Treaty covers claims for indirect damages, and that the PRESIDENT nevertheless holds that they are in principle inadmissible. It seemed odd that England, after consistently protesting against every demand of the kind, should be required formally to disavow a doctrine which it appears was preferred by the United States with full knowledge of its unsoundness; but when a pertinacious opponent unexpectedly yields, it is expedient to make some sacrifice for the purpose of covering his retreat. Although there was reason to fear that some attempt would still have been made to submit the claims to the Tribunal, even Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS would have been embarrassed by an official confession that his demand was essentially unjust. It could not be expected that the English Government would assent to the use of any phrase which would plainly admit of the presentation of the claims. Fear of the supervision of the House of Commons would alone have prevented any concession which might have been inconsistent with Mr. GLADSTONE's repeated assurances. The objections to General SCHENCK's contrivance which are suggested by American journals are more whimsical than the Supplementary Article itself. It is a mere figure of speech to allege that his ingenious project was dictated by the English Government. A still more surprising proof of Lord GRANVILLE's malignant cunning has been exposed by the *New York World*. It seems that the Machiavellian Minister has, for the purpose of entangling the United States in future liabilities, allowed the demand for the expense of watching the Confederate cruisers to be included among the direct claims. It is perfectly true that the demand is utterly remote and consequential; but the classification was due to the acuteness of the American Commissioners. It now appears, if the *World* is correctly informed, that the claims by owners or freighters of captured vessels will amount to 3,000,000*l*., which will, as is admitted, collapse on examination into a fourth of the amount. The claims for the expenses of the American navy are estimated at an enormous sum, and the framers of the celebrated Case are perfectly capable of repeating at sea the demand which they made on account of the expenses supposed to have been incurred on land. Lord GRANVILLE is accused of having countenanced the attempt at extortion for the remote purpose of making a still larger claim on the United States in the event of a future war in which America may be neutral. A more improbable charge was never made against a lamb by the most unscrupulous of wolves.

Mr. BERNARD's Oxford lecture on the Treaty, though it amazes Mr. DISRAELI, is the most comprehensive account of the Washington negotiations which has been hitherto published. It was impossible that his apology for the obscure wording of the Treaty should be absolutely complete, especially as he prudently refrained from corroborating Sir S. NORTHCOTE's unseasonable revelation. It was no part of Mr. BERNARD's plan to mention the services which he had rendered to the country since the conclusion of the Treaty. The English Case and Counter-case are models of clear and convincing reasoning and of lucid statement, and it may be conjectured that Mr. BERNARD has also had a share in the preparation of Lord GRANVILLE's admirable despatches on the recent controversy. It is difficult to understand how even American politicians, though, as Mr. BERNARD temperately states, they are somewhat unreasonable, can fail to be satisfied with Lord GRANVILLE's detailed demonstration that the demand for consequential damages was never included among the "*Alabama* Claims." It is true that the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE, who now hold that all demands of the kind are unjust, had in Mr. FISH's well-known despatch to Lord CLARENDON fully adopted Mr. SUMNER's audacious figment; but neither Mr. FISH nor his predecessor at any time preferred any claim on account of the pretended damages. Mr. BERNARD confirms Lord GRANVILLE's statement that one of the reasons for waiving the Fenian claims was that they would to some extent have been indirect and constructive. It is evident that demands for compensation of private persons who may have been injured by the Fenian invaders would have been strictly analogous to the genuine *Alabama* Claims; and the English Commissioners would have been ill advised in preferring any demand on behalf of the Canadian Government. The best excuse for the omission is that the Fenian outrages had not been mentioned in the previous correspondence between the Governments.

When the English Government declined to assent to the alterations proposed by the Senate, there could be little doubt

of the result of the negotiation. The unpopularity of the PRESIDENT's last attempt to save the Treaty had been plainly indicated by the abstinence of a considerable number of Senators from voting; and several of the most important journals denounced in violent language the moderate concession which they described as a surrender. It was nearly certain that any further advance towards conciliation would be deemed wholly inadmissible. The question whether the failure of the Treaty will affect the chances of the re-election of the PRESIDENT concerns only the citizens of the United States. The disappointment of the hopes which had been entertained is exclusively due to himself, or rather to his advisers. The intemperate language of the American Case was perhaps attributable to bad taste and feeling rather than to an error in judgment. The sharp practice of introducing the claim for consequential damages was the result of an unlucky afterthought. The greatest mistake of all was the obstinate refusal to correct the blunder when it had been courteously pointed out by the English Government. There is reason to believe that the American people will be seriously disappointed, and no community is more capable of feeling the discredit in which it has been involved by its Government. The inflated claims for direct damages, though they have now become unimportant, indicate the tone and temper in which the American agents set about the task of arranging an amicable settlement of the controversy. If there are any Americans who wish to understand the consequences of the manner in which the litigation has been managed, it may be worthy of their attention that, for the first time within living memory, there is at present no American party in England.

The effect of the abandonment of the Treaty on the position of the English Government cannot be confidently foretold. The disapprobation which was caused by the discovery that the English Commissioners had been overreached has been in the course of six months discounted and exhausted. To the subsequent efforts which have been made to procure the retractation of the indirect claims both Houses of Parliament are in some sense parties; and Lord GRANVILLE's correspondence with Mr. FISH may defy hostile criticism. The pledge that the disputed claims should not be submitted to the Tribunal at Geneva has been faithfully redeemed; and it may be held with some reason that, if the Washington Treaty has broken down, no other attempt at negotiation could possibly have succeeded. Many Englishmen, influenced either by characteristic distrust of themselves and their Government, or by the confident assertions of the Americans, had since the war suspected that the complaints and accusations which were so persistently repeated must have had a solid foundation. The discussions of the last year have thrown light on the true history of English neutrality; and sensitive consciences have been quieted by the apology which was made in respect of a consideration which has ultimately failed. In the recent dispute no American whose opinion is of the smallest value affects to think that his Government was in the right. The point of honour which seems to consist in a resolute maintenance of wrong once committed is not founded on any rule of morality or good sense. Whatever may be the future fate of the *Alabama* controversy, the indirect claims are dead and buried; and if the American Government refuses to recur to the project of arbitration, the fault will rest exclusively with itself. It must be a mortifying reflection to the PRESIDENT that, if the preparation of the Case had been entrusted to a prudent and courteous lawyer, or if the PRESIDENT himself had possessed sufficient moral courage to overrule the unseasonable sharpness of his agent, the principal achievement of his administration would not have resulted in failure.

GERMANY.

THE East of Europe is always just enough disturbed to keep Germany on the alert, although it is at present quiet enough to let the attention of Germans remain concentrated on their great struggle with their ecclesiastical enemies. The hot ashes of discord are always slumbering under a very thin covering of earth in the wild regions which border the Lower Danube, and peace only prevails because the great Powers choose that it shall prevail. The Emperor of AUSTRIA has lately been making a tour in his remote South-Eastern provinces, and Germans have noticed with some indignation that the petty sovereigns of Roumania and Servia have not paid him any of the attention which custom prescribes when so great a person comes near the borders of little princes. The wrongs of the Jews of Roumania have also attracted the notice, and received the condemnation, of the Imperial Parliament of Germany; and although the Committee to which the matter was first referred counselled prudence, and strongly hinted at the folly of interfering in the internal affairs of foreign countries, yet the Chamber was not to be restrained, but vindicated its right to take cognizance of the victims of Roumanian bigotry on the ground that Roumania was under the guarantee of the great Powers, or at least was indebted to them for its separate political existence, and that Germany was entitled to see that it was not disgraced by the acts of those whom it had been a party to entrusting with the power they abused. It is obvious that if Germany is to remonstrate on this ground, it may add interference to remonstrance, and then a collision with Russia might easily begin. If either Russia or Germany wished to stir up the Danubian question neither would have any difficulty in doing so; and all that can be said is that for the moment the Governments of the two countries are desirous that everything shall be kept as quiet as possible. Prince BISMARCK lately refused to offer any opinion on the SULTAN's proposal to make a change in the line of Turkish succession, on the ground that Germany did not concern itself with Eastern questions; while, on the other hand, it was noticed that the Russian journals which ordinarily stimulate the Roumanians and Servians into the course of danger and offence have lately been entirely silent as to the proceedings of those badly behaved little countries. Still it must always be kept in mind, when Germany is under discussion, that she has perpetually three causes of anxiety, the pressure of which may be now less and now greater, but never ceases altogether. She has to think of the Danube and Russia, of France, and of the Papacy. Fortunately for her, she is encountering the last of these three hostile influences just at a moment when she is under remarkably little anxiety about the other two; and it may be that so evident a fact will strike her present adversaries as not unimportant, and that they will try to compromise matters for the present, and let things go on without any open rupture until a more favourable crisis arises, and either France or Russia is beginning to give Germany serious trouble. Meanwhile the German Government seems determined to show that it is not afraid of Rome, and that if the State is challenged by the Church, the State will use the weapons at its command. A German Bishop whose spiritual functions are more immediately connected with the army announced within the last few days, under special orders from Rome, that he would excommunicate a priest if he continued to celebrate divine service in a building in which at other times some of the Old Catholics were permitted to assemble. The German Government has replied by treating this threat of excommunication as an infraction of military discipline, the Bishop being in some way attached to the army, has suspended him from the discharge of his functions, and informed him that it will hold a formal inquiry into his conduct. As the circumstances of the case were peculiar on account of the Bishop's semi-military position, it is possible that no serious question between the Government and the Church may arise out of it. But such a question must arise somewhere and somehow very shortly. On every side the same perpetual cause of difference and quarrel exists. The Bishop of STRASBURG recently declined to be present at the ceremony of opening the Strasburg University if Dr. DÖLLINGER was suffered to attend. The Government gave way, and bought the sanction of the Bishop's presence at this price, for it was ready to endure any temporary inconvenience rather than that the opening of the University in its new German character should be a failure. But it is not likely to yield again, and unless Rome withdraws from the conflict in order to wait for a more propitious moment, the differences between Rome and Germany can scarcely fail to assume within a very short time a most serious character.

The opening of the University of Strasburg was made as grand an affair as possible, and everything has been done to show the intentions of the Government to make the new home of German intellect brilliant and famous. Professors of the highest eminence have been engaged, Germans from all parts of the Fatherland have begun to flock there, and the Alsatians will at last, in the fulness of time, have an opportunity of discovering what Geist really means. Even their warmest friends represent them as eminently suited by nature and habits to illustrate the immense difference which the discovery may make in the human intellect. But the Alsatians, if not very clever, are shrewd enough to understand which side of their bread is buttered, and the butter is being laid on very thick on the German side. The French indemnity is flowing like a golden river into the conquered provinces. They are in the first place to receive about six millions sterling to compensate them for their losses. Strasburg will

rise up from its ashes fairer and grander than ever, and it is not in the heart of man not to see some merit in officials who have got six millions of money to distribute. The mere thought of such a sum suggests a vista of the most brilliant jobs, and there is no knowing how many good turns can be done under such circumstances by those in authority to prudent men who reveal that they have true German hearts beating under their homely exteriors. In the next place, two millions of money are to be devoted to replenishing the rolling-stock on the railways in German Lorraine and Alsace, and although the main purpose of the grant may be to put the lines in first-rate order for strategical purposes, the riches of the district can scarcely fail to be increased by the consequent development of internal communications. The upper and the higher middle classes, especially in the towns, may probably for a long time hold themselves aloof from Germany. The new Rector of the University is a Protestant, and the Protestants have long been in Alsace, not only a small minority, but a minority bullied and trampled on in a thousand petty ways during the period of license accorded to Catholic ecclesiastics in the days of the Second Empire. The majority of the population may therefore, so far as it is influenced by religious animosities, regard the new order of things as strangely out of the proper course, and the higher centres of provincial life will no doubt have their standing distaste for everything German heightened by religious feeling. Two measures also on which the Germans have thought proper to insist will naturally heighten this hostility to the new government. Every young Alsatian who after a certain date chooses to stay in his native province will have to serve in the German army, and no one will be suffered to hold land in Alsace who is not a German citizen. Those, therefore, who do not wish to see their sons serving in the ranks of the enemy, and who cannot bear to forego their French citizenship, will have to sell their land and bid adieu to the province. On many persons of sensitive minds this necessity will fall as a great hardship, and it is impossible that there should be any good will to Germany in families on whom this bitter choice is imposed, and who feel its bitterness. But the mass of the population will probably make no difficulty whatever, and will go on holding their land as cheerfully under one Government as under another, and will console themselves for the burden of German military service by the obvious reflection that, if men must fight, it is a great satisfaction to fight on the strongest and safest side.

That the side of Germany shall continue to be the strongest and safest is an object of which the German Government never loses sight for a moment. Besides the sum of six millions devoted to making good the losses of the newly annexed provinces, another sum of six millions is to be laid out in improving and arming the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine. The fortifications of Metz are not up to the high standard on which the new possessors of the great stronghold insist; and there will be plenty of French money available for the purpose of making Metz all that it should be to prevent France from ever regaining it. The numbers of the German army are also to be rapidly and largely increased. A new battalion of a thousand men is to be added to each of the 148 German regiments, so that Germany will have an army on the war footing of nearly six hundred thousand infantry, whereas the French Government only proposes to have a little over four hundred thousand. This increase in the German army has been obtained not only by making a greater call generally on the population, but by North Germany having persuaded South Germany to provide its proportional number of troops. Here, again, the French indemnity is found to be doing its work. In the late war the number of the Southern troops was not in proportion to the population, and in the distribution of the indemnity the obviously fair course to take was to give grants to the different Governments in proportion to the sacrifices they had actually made. But it was thought prudent to animate the lagging spirits of the South by a gentle and skilfully administered bribe. A portion of the indemnity is to be distributed not in accordance with services rendered in the late war, but in accordance with the total of the population. South Germany will thus get, it is reckoned, about a million sterling more than it ought properly to do, and with this encouragement South Germany is ready to set earnestly to work and to send the due number of men into the ranks of the national army. The Germans are too wise to spend very much of their newly found wealth in the construction of a navy of the first class. But they think they may at least go so far as to provide for their security in the North Sea and the Baltic, and to have in readiness a sufficient number of ships of war to protect their commerce in distant quarters of the globe, and especially in the Asiatic seas. Their trade in that part of the world is as yet inconsiderable; but they are exactly the men, if they ever get a foothold in China or Japan, to keep it; for they can get a farthing out of a sixpenny bargain as no other Europeans can, they always keep their minds alive, and they are perfectly indifferent to the charms of the dangerous and exciting pursuit of religious proselytism. It is impossible to estimate in how many strange and indirect ways the strength and wealth of Germany will have been increased by the result of the French war, and by the payment of the French indemnity. But some rough notion of the general result may be obtained if we do nothing more than notice what is direct, obvious, and unmistakable. The money wrung out of France will be used in the first place to make Germany better able than ever to fight France, and in the next place it cannot fail to be used to lighten the burdens of the German taxpayers. When a French war of revenge is talked of, it must not be forgotten that the indemnity which will, during peace, make the French taxpayer pay more, will also make the German taxpayer pay less; and so far as wealth is an element in military success, this difference will be continually and silently operating in favour of Germany.

THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Ballot Bill has got through the House of Commons, but not by any means in a triumphant manner. So doubtful seemed the judgment of the House that the SPEAKER declared that the Noes had it when the third reading was put to the vote, and on a division being taken the Ministerial majority had dwindled down to fifty-eight. This is a conspicuous falling off in comparison with the majorities by which the Government carried its Bills in the early part of its career. It now remains for the House of Lords to decide whether the Bill shall become law; and anticipations were freely offered in the Commons as to the course which the Lords will think it advisable to take. Those Liberals who complain that the Bill is not nearly stringent enough, and those Conservatives who really dislike the Bill, hoped that the Lords would reject it, and of course they prophesied that what they hoped would come to pass. Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, confidently foretold that the Lords would regard this as a Bill which especially concerned the Commons; and as the constituencies, as represented by the Commons, had pronounced a wish for it, the Lords would scarcely think it within their proper constitutional sphere to throw out a measure coming before them under such circumstances. The standing arguments for and against the Bill were naturally repeated on the occasion of the third reading, but there was no possibility of adding anything new on a subject worn so threadbare. If the Lords listened only to those arguments by which they were most convinced, there can be little doubt that they would refuse to pass the Bill; and it is probable that there would be very little irritation against them in the country if they chose to take a course which the Constitution leaves it perfectly open to them to take. But the Lords will have other things to think of than the arguments for and against the measure that will be offered to them. The majority of the peers are Conservatives, and it is very doubtful whether the Conservatives are seriously opposed to the Bill. They think that under it they will gain more in the boroughs than they will lose in the counties. Mr. FORSTER adverted on Thursday night to the strange silence preserved by Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY with regard to the Ballot in their late manifestoes of Conservative opinion, and neither of these leaders of the party had a word to say against the Bill on Thursday night. It was thought sufficient to put Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE up to denounce the measure, and this certainly indicated a considerable amount of indifference on the part of the Conservatives as to the fate of the measure. The Conservative peers may, therefore, not improbably make just enough show of opposition to it to appear to be maintaining the principles of their party, and to throw the entire responsibility on their opponents, if it should prove that the Bill is a failure, or if it should be very unpopular in its working. The Conservatives have also cogent reasons to let the Bill pass in the Lords arising from their reluctance to bring on a Ministerial crisis this Session. The most obvious ground for rejecting it lies in the doubt which may be expressed as to the real wishes of the constituencies. If on this ground the Bill were rejected, the Ministry could hardly stay in office unless they dissolved, for they could not carry on the administration of affairs with any credit unless they were pre-

pared to try their fate with another Ballot Bill next Session, and next year the argument that the constituencies should be consulted would have as much force as it can have this year. But the Conservatives neither wish to come into office nor to have a dissolution this year. Time, they think, is telling in their favour, and they want the Ministry to go on blundering, and the constituencies to go silently through the process of conversion for some time longer. The Ballot Bill may, therefore, not improbably pass, not because the Lords will approve of it, but because the Conservative party is willing to take its chance under its provisions, and because it will not suit that party to precipitate a crisis at present. These are not very high reasons for sanctioning a great constitutional change, but they are reasons of a kind which tells with unmistakable force in practical life.

An attempt was made in the Commons to alter that portion of the Bill which provides that persons who have obtained from a magistrate a certificate that they have declared before him their inability to read may call on the returning officer to record their vote for them, in the presence of the agents of the candidates. Mr. FORSTER insisted that the Bill should remain unaltered in this respect, both because it was impossible that at that late stage a provision which had been framed on an understanding between the Government and the Opposition should be upset, and also because, in his opinion, the provision would remain almost entirely a dead letter. Voters, he argued, will not like to take the trouble to go before a magistrate, and will be ashamed to declare that they cannot read. They may very easily learn how to vote without being able to read, for they have only to be told and to remember whereabouts in the list of candidates the name of the candidate for whom they wish to vote is to be found. In ordinary constituencies, and where the voters are left alone, this would probably be true. There is very little amusement in voting, and most voters who cannot read are men who care no more who has their votes than they care who is Emperor of Russia. Going before a magistrate is in their view a tedious and distasteful process, attended in many instances with painful recollections. A poor man would naturally avoid taking so much trouble to attain such a useless end as that of recording his vote for a member of Parliament, and if we are to confine ourselves to exceptional cases, and to think only of stern determined working-men, who, although totally uneducated, are burning with political fire, and would submit to any inconvenience in order to record their political opinions at the polling-booth, it is hardly possible to suppose that men of minds so unusually active and enlightened could not attain the art of setting their mark against the name of a candidate in a list. A few minutes' study would suffice to make them distinguish between the picture of one name and the picture of another name, and they would see and note in what place of the paper the name stood of their favourite candidate. But there can be no doubt that in some constituencies where bribery or intimidation was being actively carried on, the voter might be given to understand that to declare his inability to vote was part of the bargain that was being made with him, or part of the course of conduct into which he was being driven. It is impossible to deny that, if an ignorant man is bribed, and the briber tells him that, in order to get the money, he must go before a magistrate and get a certificate, and that then his vote is recorded in the presence of the agents, the check which the Bill affects to put on bribery is totally inoperative so far as he is concerned. All that can be said on the other side is that if in this case the good of the Bill would be at an end, so also would its mischief. For if no poor men took the trouble to go before a magistrate unless they were bribed, and if it was known how they voted, the agent of the landlord for whom they did not vote would know exactly who had been bribed, and could tell how to go to work in order to get up a petition with a fair chance of success.

Mr. FORSTER exerted himself to show that the notion so widely prevailing in and out of the House that the Bill allows the voter to show his voting-paper is a delusion. The complaints against the Bill, grounded on the assumption that it after all does not provide for secret voting, are for the most part unfounded. Whether the system of secret voting is a good or a bad thing, it is obvious that a Bill which affects to provide for secret voting ought to provide for it. If voters were permitted to show their voting-papers to the agents after they had marked them, the Ballot Bill would be a complete sham. But the Bill as it stands permits nothing of the kind. It expressly provides that the elector, after he has marked his ballot-paper, shall fold it up so as to conceal his vote, and shall then put his ballot-paper so folded up into the ballot-box. In order that the objects of the Bill should be defeated, the agent must stipulate that the voter shall disregard this rule, and shall so display his paper that the agent may see how he has voted. There must be two parties to the transaction. The voter must display the paper and the agent must see what is thus revealed. Supposing this were done, how would the two parties stand? The voter would, as Mr. FORSTER declares, be liable to be indicted for a misdemeanour for the wilful violation of a statute, and the Bill itself provides that the agent should be liable for his share in the transaction to six months' imprisonment. Mr. FORSTER owns that the law would be very seldom put in force against the voter, and there would be innumerable practical difficulties in the way of getting a conviction against him under such circumstances. Still the mere knowledge of the fact that the law tells them clearly what to do, and can in some vague and mysterious way get at them if they will not do what it tells them to do, will operate most powerfully on the minds of voters. The law says they are to fold up their papers so as to conceal their vote, and they will so fold them up. The presiding officer will be there to direct them that they must act in the prescribed way, and the agents will keep him up to his duty. If one agent wants papers to be shown, the other agent will want them not to be shown, and one or the other will be always there ready to protest against any violation of the law, and will call on the presiding officer to tell the voter to fold his paper up properly. But it is not only the voter that is to be considered. The agent who induces him to show the paper will be liable to a punishment which a person in the position of an agent would feel very severely. A solicitor or a solicitor's clerk would very much dislike six months' imprisonment. He would be very reluctant to undergo the risk of such a punishment if he thought there was any chance of the offence being brought home to him. But the transaction could not fail to be a very marked one. A hundred voters would vote as they ought to do, then would come one man who, in spite of the directions of the presiding officer, would hold up his marked paper so conspicuously that the agents and every one present could see how he had voted. The agent of the candidate for whom the vote was not given would immediately know, and so would the presiding officer, that this strange and exceptional conduct could only be attributed to the voter having acted under the influence of the agent of the candidate for whom the vote had been given. This agent would thenceforth remain in the polling-booth in the position of a person who is known by a watchful enemy and by a public officer to have committed an offence for which, if it can be proved against him, he may next day be sent to prison. It is impossible to believe that such a risk would be run with frequency or impunity sufficient to detract in any material degree from the efficacy of the Bill.

THE SULTAN'S SPEECH.

ALTHOUGH Eastern questions have during living memory occupied their full share of attention, the Sovereign of Turkey still retains in popular imagination something of the picturesque splendour which belonged to his half-barbaric ancestors. That the GRAND SIGNIOR should make a solemn visit to the Porte which has given its name to his Government is strictly conformable to ancient usage; but the illusion is disturbed when the Court newsman states that the SULTAN arrived like any ordinary Christian Prince in a State carriage and four, attended by a brilliant suite. The Ministers who received him were properly headed by the GRAND VIZIER; but the Report of the Council of State was probably a prosaic document. The SULTAN himself afterwards shocked or dispelled all established associations by delivering a speech from the throne which might have been composed by the most businesslike of European Ministers. There can be no better proof of the soundness of political and economical commonplaces than the fact that they are adopted and reproduced by the Great Turk himself. It is possible that in his dominions they acquire a certain freshness and novelty which they have lost in the West. Except that the GRAND VIZIER surpasses Mr. GLADSTONE in clearness and vigour of style, the SULTAN's reference to his relations with Foreign Powers might have been copied word for word from any annual QUEEN's Speech. There is perhaps a more definite meaning in the expression of a wish that all the subjects of the Empire, without exception, should enjoy perfect equality before the law. In former times it would have been thought strange that the representative of the Prophet should proclaim the equality of Christians with

Mussulmans; and there is even now no Turkish province in which the SULTAN's theory is reduced to practice. The harshness and injustice which still prevail cause reasonable discontent; but it is much that the equal rights of the Christian population are even nominally acknowledged. A great social and political change is indicated by the SULTAN's recommendation that every man should respect the feelings of his neighbour. Such language must jar on the susceptibilities of Mahommedan orthodoxy, not the less because it implies a recognition of the power of the subject races. General platitudes seldom coincide with facts, but they prove that it is thought worth while to enunciate them. Absolute monarchs have exceptional facilities in abrogating invidious distinctions among their subjects. The regeneration of Turkey may perhaps not be capable of accomplishment by peaceful methods; but under a Parliamentary constitution it would be altogether impossible. The representatives of Turks and of Rayahs would be more hopelessly divided than Irish Orangemen and Catholics. Both parties may perhaps in some degree respect the will of the SULTAN.

The only Turkish department which is mentioned as satisfactory is the naval and military administration. It may be hoped that no early opportunity will arise for testing the soundness of the SULTAN's complacent judgment of the state of the army and navy. There is no doubt that since the Crimean war great efforts have been made to improve the strength of the Turkish armaments. The land forces are far more numerous than at any time since the destruction of the Janissaries, and their efficiency has increased in a still higher degree. The navy has attained respectable dimensions; it includes some ironclad vessels constructed after the best models; and it is commanded by an English officer. The Turkish soldiers are naturally among the best in the world, but there is no middle or upper class to furnish a supply of competent officers; and it is a still graver evil that in the European provinces of the Empire recruits are raised only among the minority of the population. Until it becomes prudent and practicable to subject the Rayahs to military service there will be a difficulty in filling the ranks of the army, and the relative numbers of Mahommedans will have a tendency to decline. For the present Turkey is probably better able than at any former time to repel an invader, and there is a reasonable prospect of a further interval before any fresh aggression will be attempted. Since the English surrender of the stipulations which had been exacted from Russia in 1856 the relations between Turkey and Russia have been ostensibly friendly, although the SULTAN and his Ministers fully understand the purpose of the Russian Government in creating a fleet in the Black Sea and in restoring Sebastopol. The SULTAN's design of substituting direct hereditary succession to the throne for the Ottoman custom of preferring brothers to sons appears to be countenanced by Russia; and the ostentatious patronage of the Prince of SERVIA by the Emperor ALEXANDER may perhaps be suggested by similar motives, though it is less easy to reconcile with the friendly professions of Russia. The "existing treaties and international right" on which the SULTAN professes to rely have lost the greater part of their value since the abandonment of the Treaty of Paris by England, and since the retirement of France from interference with Eastern politics; but as long as the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy retains any considerable strength there will be no immediate danger of a Russian invasion of European Turkey.

The financial parts of the SULTAN's speech are the most important, as well as the most Occidental and modern. The elements of civilization which are most eagerly assimilated are not the most beneficial. North-American Indians acquired the habit of drinking whisky with docile facility; and Turkish Governments learned to borrow with little thought of the methods by which the permanent resources of the country could be increased. When Turkish loans were first placed in the market the credit of the Empire was good; and even at the present day the public debt is not excessive as compared with the obligations of many other States; but the facility of borrowing has encouraged both a frequent resort to the confidence of capitalists, and a reckless expenditure, to which the SULTAN himself has personally contributed. The lavish waste of money in building superfluous palaces has tended to produce financial embarrassment; and at last the necessity of husbanding the public credit appears to be partially appreciated. The SULTAN is enabled to announce that judicious reductions have been accomplished, that the adoption of a system of economy has caused a reduction of the floating debt, and, finally, that the expenditure and revenue have been balanced. If he has been accurately informed, his new Ministers must have effected considerable improvements, and perhaps they may have abstained from the corrupt practices of their predecessors. It remains to be seen whether the SULTAN himself is capable of practising the moderate self-denial which would seem to involve no painful sacrifice. The author of the speech fully understands that financial success must rest on the material prosperity of the Empire. Long-continued neglect and misgovernment have produced the negative advantage of hoarding large portions of the national wealth. The effects of industry and enterprise applied after centuries of stagnation could not fail to be as satisfactory as a crop after a fallow. It seems that new roads have been constructed in some parts of the Empire, and "the recent modification of the convention "relating to the Roumelian railways" will, it is said, insure their completion. If reasonable energy is displayed in the formation of roads and railways there is no reason why Turkey should not become one of the most productive regions of Europe. The process would be greatly accelerated if a part of the German or Italian emigration could be diverted from the United States and South America to nearer countries of equal fertility; but the Turkish Government, notwithstanding its acceptance of modern phrases and modes of thought, is still too backward to satisfy the demands of civilized settlers.

It is not the less true because it is an odd confession for an Oriental despot, that "all that has been done is incommensu-"rate with the spirit of the age in which we live, and with "the rapid progress by which it is characterized." Nothing can be further from the mind of the genuine old-fashioned Turk than a wish for progress either rapid or slow, or than respect for that which is vaguely called the spirit of the age; but Turkey is perhaps at present as progressive as Spain, and it is not distracted by the struggles of political factions. Since the suppression of the Cretan insurrection no civil war has disturbed any province of the Empire; and the Greek Government has at least temporarily discontinued its intrigues and encroachments. The greatest risk is perhaps on the side of Egypt; but there is no immediate reason to apprehend an interruption of the existing tranquillity. It is impossible to foresee the consequences which may follow from the unreserved adoption of European theories. Some political observers confidently assert that the Turkish Empire is irretrievably decayed, and that all pretences of reform are hypocritical and deceptive. It would be equally rash to express unqualified confidence in the professions of the SULTAN's speech; but it can scarcely be denied that the policy of the statesmen who have discouraged revolutionary projects has thus far been justified by experience. One half of the task of transformation has been accomplished when the Turkish Government has been induced to preach the doctrines of economy, of industry, of financial prudence, and of legal equality. If the enemies of Turkey had prevailed, the interval in which so many changes have been produced would have been occupied with foreign or civil war, which might perhaps have ended in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. The liberated races would then have had leisure to prosecute their own rivalries, and to contrive a new scheme of political organization in the midst of excitement and agitation. A hundred years ago it would have been easy to prove that the anarchy of Poland tended to political dissolution, and the apologists of the partitioning Powers still justify on the same ground the spoliation of the Republic. The result of ambition and injustice has not been so favourable as to warrant a repetition of the experiment.

THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

IF laments were of any avail, they might be freely uttered over the French Army Bill. It is the latest link in that long chain of evils which had for its starting point the despotism of the First NAPOLEON. Had it not been for the disabilities under which Prussia was placed after Jena, the Prussian army would probably never have existed in its present form, and the example of a nation in arms might not have been given to Europe. But the Prussian army was created, and any one who could have foreseen the strength of the weapon then forged might have foreseen the impossibility of its remaining without imitation. Those who most regret the necessity of making every citizen a soldier may be amongst those who are most convinced that it is a necessity. The mischiefs of the system are obvious enough, but the mischiefs of trusting to any other come nearer home. It is true that national armies formed on the German model are a terrible burden to industry. It is true that they accustom the population to the idea of war. It is true that they deprive small countries of the opportunity of making patriotism supply the place of size by maintaining an army of disproportionate

strength. But it is true also that the nation which employs an army formed on the old model is at an immense disadvantage in the presence of these new engines. It is true that the idea of universal service has got possession of the popular imagination, and that in no other way would it be possible to induce a Continental nation to endure the sacrifices which are necessarily involved in the maintenance of a great army. An immediate duty to one's own country takes precedence of duties to mankind, and though the formation of each new army on this principle may be a new misfortune for the world, the fact that it is indispensable for the independence of the nation which forms it is paramount over all lesser considerations. It must be said, too, as regards France, that it is less of a misfortune there than anywhere else. Some of the evils to be feared from the adoption of the German system are already present in their full strength. France can hardly be more formidable to her neighbours than she has been under preceding army laws; and even an army in which every citizen is made to serve cannot well be more burdensome to the civil population than was the army of the First Empire. And there is a special reason why the experiment whether an army, framed on a smaller scale but perfect in organization and equipment, may not be superior to larger but less trained forces, should not be tried in France. The possession of such an instrument gives tremendous strength to an arbitrary Government or a military adventurer, and there is as yet no security that France may not at the next turn of the wheel become the victim of one or the other. Until the supremacy of the civil power is undisputed, a national, as distinguished from a purely professional, army is perhaps the best protection from *coups d'état* of all kinds that the country can hope for.

The political interest of the debate in the Assembly turns on two points—the reconciliation between M. THIERS and the majority, and the speech of the Duke of AUMALE. It seems certain that the PRESIDENT has yielded to the Assembly upon the main question, and has accepted a reduction of the term of service as a sufficient consideration for his acquiescence in the principle of universality. The motives of this surrender can at present only be guessed at. M. THIERS may have satisfied himself that on this point the Assembly would be immovable, and may consequently have forborne to threaten a resignation which, if accepted, would have left him no alternative except undignified surrender or unpatriotic retirement. Or he may have found his preference for a scheme that would operate more rapidly justified by the opposition of the German Government, and may have been reduced to accept the proposals of the Assembly rather than confess that his own project would have to be modified under foreign dictation. Or the sudden rise of M. D'AUDRIFFET-PASQUIER and the growing political reputation of General CHANZY may have warned him that he is less indispensable than formerly to the moderate sections of the Assembly. Whatever may be the considerations which have shaped his policy, it seems indisputable that the policy itself is more than ever to be one of conciliation. M. THIERS has given way on the composition of the Council of State as well as upon the Army Bill, and there is now nothing but the tax upon raw materials to divide him from the general Conservative majority in the Chamber. He may prove as pliable on this point as on the other two; or, which is more likely, the Assembly may feel that a bad tax can always be taken off, and that it is very much easier to reject the PRESIDENT'S proposal than to find one which shall not be open to objections scarcely less serious. If it were not that clear skies have so often proved deceptive in political meteorology, there would be every reason to expect an interval of unusual calm in French politics.

The Duke of AUMALE wisely made but one political allusion in his speech, and the object of this was to dissociate himself, and by implication his family, from any suspicion of complicity with the reactionary tendencies of the Count of CHAMBORD. The manner in which he introduced the tricolour into his peroration, and characterized it as the symbol not only of victory but also of union and concord, was ingenious and happy. Now that the persistence of the Count of CHAMBORD has made an immediate fusion between Legitimists and Orleanists impossible, it was time for the leaders of the latter to show that in the recent negotiations they have abandoned none of their principles. Nothing could more clearly and yet more inoffensively demonstrate this than a reference to the national standard. It came in with perfect appropriateness in the course of a debate on army organization, and it made it clear that the Princes of ORLEANS have no interest in consulting the prejudices of the chief of the BOURBONS. Probably the Duke of AUMALE might have attacked Legitimist principles far more openly without exciting in the mind of the Count of CHAMBORD half the indignation which he will feel at this incidental repudiation of the Legitimist flag. The main purpose of the DUKE'S speech, as of that of General TROCHU the day before, was to popularize the notion of universal service. Considering how determined the Assembly has shown itself upon this point, this labour may seem to be superfluous. But the country has to be reconciled as well as the Assembly, and the speech of the Duke of AUMALE was as much addressed to the former as to the latter. He insisted with great reason on the necessity of making the prohibition of substitutes absolute if any effective check is to be placed on the process of shifting military liability to some one else's shoulders. It is not enough that every Frenchman shall be liable to serve. It is essential that every Frenchman shall actually serve. So long as this is enforced there is no sense of exceptional hardship. What each man has to bear is simply the common lot of all his fellows, and there is all the difference in the world between this and the common lot of the great majority of his fellows. If one man in ten thousand is allowed to buy a substitute, the escape from military service will assume the form of a privilege instead of a disability, will be associated with exceptional advantages of position, instead of with exceptional disadvantages of health and family burdens. That the term of actual service should be longer in one case than in another is unavoidable, since the army needed for possible immediate service must receive a more thorough training than that which is only required in case of emergency. But even as between the two moieties of the annual contingent—the moiety which remains with the colours for the whole term, and the moiety which is released at the end of a comparatively short period, and sent home to the work of civil life—chance must decide to which of them each man shall belong. And when once that decision has been given, there must not be substitution under any shape whatever, not even in the exchange of one number for another—of a number, that is, which marks out the holder for a service of years for one which marks him out for a service of months. M. BRUNEL had argued the day before that it is not enough to abolish substitutes, and to incorporate every Frenchman into the regular army, unless every Frenchman is incorporated into it for the same period. The answer to this criticism is that no nation would or could bear so great a tax as M. BRUNEL wishes to impose upon France. To take the entire civil population away from their work for five or even three years is only possible in the imaginations of military enthusiasts. It remains to be seen how far the abolition of substitutes, and the incorporation of every citizen into the army for the period of six months, will mitigate that abhorrence of military life which seems to prevail among the French peasantry.

THE GALWAY ELECTION PETITION.

THE result of the inquiry into the proceedings at the last Galway election has been to show very clearly that the Roman Catholic clergy conspired with the Nationalist party in order to intimidate and coerce the electors. Mr. Justice KEOGH, who tried the case, has reported that the Archbishop of TUAM, the Bishop of GALWAY, the Bishop of CLONFERT, and some fifty or sixty priests were guilty of an organized attempt to defeat the free exercise of the franchise; and he has taken the seat from Captain NOLAN, whose return was secured by means of this intimidation, and has given it to Captain TRENCH, the defeated candidate, subject to a legal point which has been reserved for another Court. The Judge asserts that from the beginning "every avenue of the Con-"stitution" was held by spiritual dictation, and that this election presents the most astonishing example of priestly tyranny which is to be found in the whole history of ecclesiastical intolerance. These are strong words, and they are all the stronger as coming from a Judge who is himself a Roman Catholic, and who, both as a candidate and a judge, has had considerable experience in Irish elections. Mr. Justice KEOGH deserves credit for the courageous frankness with which he has expressed himself; but it is impossible to read the evidence at the trial without seeing that no other conclusion was open to him than that at which he has arrived. Before delivering judgment he had, he said, to study thirty thousand folios of manuscript, several hundred sheets of printed newspapers, and thousands of documents, besides sitting in Court for some fifty and odd days. The story of the election may, however, be briefly told, and it is worth telling on account of the significance of some of the incidents.

As usual in Irish elections, a large proportion of the electors kept away from the poll. There are 6,500 voters on the register, and of these about 2,200 voted for Captain NOLAN, and 690 for Captain TRENCH. The agents of the latter reported that they obtained between three and four thousand pledges; and the evidence places it beyond doubt that it required no ordinary degree of courage to vote for TRENCH, that there was danger even in remaining neutral, and that a great many of those who went to the poll for NOLAN did so under the impression that, if they held back, they would be persecuted in this world and damned in the next.

There seems to be no room for doubt as to the meaning of the part which the Roman Catholic clergy played on this occasion. They were anxious to show that they had command of the county, and could return any man they chose, and they had made up their minds that the best way to prove this would be to support the Nationalist candidate. It is possible that they also thought the Home Rule movement might be turned to good account, especially as a means of pressure on the Government, if they could only get it into their own hands. Under these circumstances it was necessary that they should take care not only that Captain NOLAN had a majority, but that it should be made quite clear to all the world that he owed his majority to them. It is possible that they might have gone to work in a quiet way and have defeated the landlords all the same; but this would not have answered their purpose. It was essential that the Government and the landlords should be made to feel that it was the clergy who had settled the election, and that it was of no use to think of getting a candidate elected except through them. Hence they took the lead ostentatiously at all the gatherings in favour of Captain NOLAN, marching at the head of their flocks, and sometimes riding horses caparisoned in what is called the national colour, with green saddle-cloths and housings. It is proved that the priests canvassed for the Nationalist candidate in every possible way. They went from house to house; they waylaid voters in the streets, at market, and wherever they could find them; they interpolated divine service with inflammatory speeches, and some of them went so far as to assail persons who were present with scurrilous abuse, and to denounce them from the altar. One priest declared during service that all who voted for Captain TRENCH would go down to their graves with the brand of CAIN on them, and on their children after them. Another said they were a disgrace to their Church, their God, and their country, and would certainly go to hell. One of Lord GOUGH'S tenants was refused confession unless he would vote for NOLAN; and the same threat was held out against his wife, who was so terrified that she persuaded her husband to submit. A small farmer declined to vote for NOLAN, and the priests would not attend his sick wife until he gave in. Another priest proclaimed from the altar that any one who voted for TRENCH must be looked upon as a renegade Catholic, and avoided as if he had typhus or small-pox, or any horrible and loathsome disease. Father WALSH admitted that he had publicly recommended that Captain TRENCH'S supporters should be "dipped" in the water; and when a prominent member of that party died, a priest said, "Of course, he was bound to die, for I cursed him." The people were told that, even if votes had been promised to TRENCH, the promise must be broken.

Everything was done to excite the people against the TRENCHES. They were accused of exterminating their tenantry, of being hard and unjust landlords; old stories about the killing of St. RATHO and a massacre of priests were raked up against the family. It was perhaps unnecessary for Mr. Justice KEOGH to vindicate the memory of CROMWELL from the aspersions of "the audacious and mendacious priest, Father CONWAY," but it is not improbable that the ignorant peasants who were incited to avenge St. RATHO and the murdered martyrs were not aware that those events do not belong to contemporary history, if indeed they belong to history at all. Lord DELVIN was obliged to absent himself from chapel in order that he might not hear himself attacked from the altar. Sir THOMAS BURKE, with Lady BURKE by his side, was assailed at mass. Father LAVELLE intimated that Sir THOMAS BURKE'S death-knell had been sounded, and when called to account for his words, he explained that he meant a political death-knell; but it may be doubted, as the Judge observed, whether a Tipperary man with a blunderbuss in his hand would be likely to appreciate this nice distinction. In the course of the trial the defendant cited the opinion of an English officer who thought the election rather tame. It would appear that, if this gentleman really thought so, he was difficult to please. It is true that the "wisps" of Galway make but a poor show by the side of the burnings of the Commune, and only one or two lives were lost; but there was excitement enough to satisfy an ordinary taste. It is evident that Captain NOLAN'S friends did not rely exclusively on the terrors of another world. Voters were summoned from their beds at dead of night and warned not to vote for TRENCH; others were beaten and stoned; houses were fired into; letters from ROGER and RORY were circulated; and the general feeling of terror was expressed by one of the witnesses, who said he knew very well that if he voted for TRENCH he would be started like a hare from the church-door with the priest and all the congregation after him. Sir A. GUINNESS has given a graphic description of the manner in which he had to fight his way to the poll at the head of a party of voters. They were escorted to Tuam by troops, and in the centre of the town were pelted with stones. Sir ARTHUR had his head cut by a stone, and his followers cried out that they were going to be murdered. He was determined to vote, however, and he and his companions did so at the risk of their lives. Mr. BARRETT, another magistrate, whose house was one of those fired into, gave similar evidence. He and a couple of his tenants went to the poll under the escort of a troop of Lancers, some police, and a resident magistrate. On the way they were pelted with stones and mud, and had to go some four miles round in order to get into Tuam by a back way. At the polling-place one of Mr. BARRETT'S men was seized by the crowd and frightened into voting for NOLAN, and the other ran away. In another case a man was going to vote for TRENCH, when two priests pounced on him; one held him, while the other made two mystic strokes on his breast, saying, "Now mind what you do"; and the man then said he would not vote.

These are only a few incidents taken at random from a mass of evidence, but they present a lively and highly characteristic picture of electioneering in Galway. It is clear that the priests went far beyond anything that the law could tolerate, and even perhaps further than was actually necessary for their own purposes. They were disposed to be reckless, under the impression — a mistaken one, as we hope they will now discover — that the rules as to intimidation apply only to landlords and laymen, and not to priests. Some of them attempted to extenuate and explain away their conduct, but others justified it, and insisted that, as they were responsible for the spiritual welfare of their flocks, they were bound to take every means of keeping them in a right course. It was enough for the Judge in this instance to show that they had broken the law, and it was not his business to inform them precisely how far they could safely go in the way of spiritual intimidation. It is obvious, however, that some very delicate and difficult questions are apt to arise when a strict definition of this kind of intimidation is attempted. To single out individual electors, to defame their character, to expose them to the contempt and abhorence of their neighbours, and to drive them beyond the social pale, is of course just as much intimidation as it would be to instigate physical ill-usage. Moreover, it was proved in this case that some of the clergy had violated the canons of their own Church in attacking persons by name during Divine Service. It may be assumed, however, that, within the limits both of ecclesiastical and public law, the Catholic priesthood have at their disposal an armoury of weapons which renders them at all times a formidable and dangerous body. Mr. Justice KEOGH appears to have been startled by the acknowledgment of a priest that he would not hesitate to use the Confessional for the purpose of ascertaining how men voted under the Ballot; but, even without knowing how their flocks actually voted, the priests would probably be able, for a time at least, to terrify them into voting as they wished, by threatening those who disobeyed with the vengeance of an omniscient Power. There cannot, we fear, be a greater mistake than to imagine that the authority of the priesthood will be immediately curtailed by any Acts of Parliament, however stringent. It is only by the operation of counter influences on the minds of those who are subject to this kind of terrorism, by advancing education and enlightenment, that it can effectually be met. It is important to observe that in this instance the foremost opponents of the priests of Galway are themselves Roman Catholics, and it is not improbable that the violent action of the clergy has already shaken their authority over the peasantry, who are just as likely to resent the dictation of the priests as the dictation of the landlords. It remains to be seen what measures the Government will take in order to punish the brutal and unblushing intimidation which is proved to have been practised by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and priests whom Mr. Justice KEOGH denounced

with just severity, although perhaps with a needless profusion of Hibernian rhetoric. They have clearly and unmistakeably brought themselves within the range of the criminal law; and it is certain that if they were laymen they would, as a matter of course, have to suffer the full penalties of their outrageous misconduct. The Government is already under some suspicion as to its relations with the priesthood, and a dangerous precedent will be established if the reverend rabble who were let loose on the electors of Galway are not instantly indicted in the terms of the Judge's report.

LORD DALLING.

LORD DALLING, better known as Sir HENRY BULWER, has died before his new designation had become generally familiar. It is not a little remarkable that two younger sons of an untitled family should have obtained the honour of the peerage; but Sir HENRY BULWER, like his more celebrated brother, fairly earned his promotion by a career of prosperous activity. As an English politician he was a Liberal of the school of forty years ago, when ardent reformers were sustained by a comfortable belief that no change which was likely to be accomplished would prevent the country from being governed by gentlemen. After the close of his diplomatic career he re-entered Parliament as a supporter of the party to which he had belonged in his youth; but like ULYSSES among the Ithacans, on his return from his wanderings the follower of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord MELBOURNE may perhaps have felt uneasy under the influence of Mr. GLADSTONE's restless earnestness. Lord LYTTON had long before left his uncongenial allies for the Conservative ranks; and Sir HENRY BULWER was probably glad to take refuge without a nominal change of politics in the serene region of the House of Lords. To him public life had been in no discreditable sense a profession in which he attained more than ordinary success. It is highly improbable that he could in any circumstances have sympathized with schemes of political or social revolution. The great aristocratic families which have done service to the country by their hereditary Liberalism are unfortunately becoming rapidly converted. One of their chief merits consisted in their power of making popular doctrines fashionable among young and aspiring politicians. The Radicalism of young Whigs in the years which immediately followed the Reform Bill was often an introduction to good society; and it was in the highest degree desirable that the lines which separated political parties should be vertical rather than horizontal. The rising Liberals of 1834 were perfectly sincere in their exultation over the defeat of the boroughmongers, in their wish to mitigate the pressure of the Corn-laws, and in their sympathy with the assailants of the Irish Church. A few bolder innovators, including Mr. HORSMAN and Mr. ROEBUCK, threatened the House of Lords; but established institutions were in little danger when Lord MELBOURNE was habitually inculcating on his colleagues the expediency of letting things alone.

Lord PALMERSTON, notwithstanding his utter want of sympathy with extreme opinions, was too accurate a judge of character to be repelled by the vehemence of political aspirants who seemed to him capable of being made useful. Accordingly he interrupted Mr. H. BULWER's Parliamentary career by transferring him at an early age to the diplomatic service. A good linguist, a popular member of society, and in all respects a man of the world, Mr. BULWER justified, under several successive chiefs, the confidence of his first patron in his activity and ability. If he was sometimes deficient in prudence, he must have possessed counterbalancing merits, for during a career of thirty years he was selected for many of the most important employments in his profession. It may be conjectured that he was not in the habit of intentionally allowing his own services to be undervalued. In the fragment of biography which he published under the title of *A Life of Lord Palmerston* he dwells at disproportionate length, and with obvious complacency, on the transactions in which he was himself engaged in a subordinate capacity. Mr. BULWER was Secretary of Embassy and Chargé d'Affaires at Paris during a part of the prolonged negotiation on the relations of the Viceroy of EGYPT and the SULTAN; and he could be trusted to render with perfect fidelity the significant and candid language in which Lord PALMERSTON was at that time in the habit of intimating to the French Ministers his profound distrust of their sincerity, and his determination to be neither baffled nor duped. On one occasion he told the Chargé d'Affaires to hint to M. THIERS, "with "all due politeness and with that force of language of which "I know you to be a master," that if he persisted in his Egyptian intrigues, MEHEMET ALI would be simply chucked into the Nile, and that the French might in that case spare themselves any further trouble in the administration of their African possessions. The warning can scarcely have been more palatable because it was administered through an agent of inferior rank; and there is no doubt that Lord PALMERSTON sometimes committed the error of giving unnecessary offence in transactions which in other respects proved his sagacity and courage. M. GUIZOT's Memoirs furnish abundant proofs of the animosity which he felt against his English opponent, and probably M. THIERS resented the manner as well as the substance of his defeat in 1840; yet boldness in the conduct of negotiations is a less dangerous extreme than undue timidity. It was a great advantage to a young diplomatist to be trained under Lord PALMERSTON, especially as the Minister never forgot those who had served him.

During his mission to Madrid Sir H. BULWER entered with almost excessive facility into the personal and political combinations of indigenous factions. Court intrigues and management of jealous competitors for office were probably not repugnant to his cosmopolitan taste; and there can be no doubt that he intended to use for the promotion of the objects of his own Government his social influence and his alliances with party leaders. Unluckily it happens that in such cases the formation of friendships involves corresponding enmities; and NARVAEZ, to whom the English Minister had become obnoxious, revenged himself at the cost of an affront to the English Government by dismissing him from the country. The national offence was afterwards compromised or forgotten, and Sir H. BULWER was consoled by the American mission. At Washington he succeeded better than at Madrid, and during his term of office he negotiated with Mr. CLAYTON, then Secretary of State, the treaty which has since been known by their joint names. His last employment was at Constantinople, and it was believed that Lord PALMERSTON, then Prime Minister, was not altogether satisfied with his proceedings; but his subsequent promotion to the peerage may be considered as a proof that he had not incurred the formal disapproval of the Government under which he served. When he returned after a long interval to the House of Commons, he probably found himself disqualified from taking an active part in the political contests of a later generation. On one or two occasions he commanded the attention of the House by speeches on questions within his own department, and he voted steadily with the Government. Although he had in former days been a frequent and ambitious speaker, he never displayed the oratorical powers by which his brother was distinguished. He made the most of a certain amount of literary ability which enabled him to write agreeably on subjects of contemporary interest. An almost forgotten work on French politics and society, published in the early part of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE, was called the *Monarchy of the Middle Classes*. The work contained a lively and probably an accurate description of the condition of France at the time; but Sir H. BULWER had no claim to the prophetic sagacity which might have suggested that in thirty years the middle classes would go out of fashion.

As a diplomatist Sir H. BULWER belonged to the class which peculiarly excites the irritation of some modern economists. Accomplished, unprejudiced, and adroit, he could scarcely be suspected of painful earnestness in the maintenance of any political cause. His early experience in the House of Commons probably enabled him in some degree to understand the feeling of his countrymen, and it may also have tended to facilitate his relations with American politicians; but he was essentially a professional diplomatist, accustomed to obey instructions and to cultivate society as a professional duty. No other pursuit would have enabled him to make so advantageous a use of social tact and of a perfect manner. It is possible that if he had pursued a political career at home, he might have attained a respectable position in Parliament and in office; but he had scarcely the vigour or substance which would have qualified him for the rank of a party leader. The theoretical and supercilious Liberalism of forty years ago soon ceased to be an inspiring principle of action. Sir H. BULWER and his contemporaries felt a creditable dislike of obsolete paradoxes and of political and economical anomalies, and they also calculated on sufficient grounds that the party to which they belonged would retain power during the greater part of their lifetime. It seemed natural that some of the champions of popular opinion should take the opportunity of finding themselves on the winning side to adopt any career which might tend to satisfy their interests or their ambition. Of Lord DALLING it

may be said without disparagement that he made the most of himself; and he probably passed a pleasant life. Diplomatic employment, especially in the higher ranks of the profession, though it is not unattended by drawbacks, seems to possess great attractions of its own. Eminent soldiers and sailors have been known to prefer diplomatic appointments to high preferment in their own professions; and it is naturally desirable to frequent on equal terms the highest society, and to be engaged in dignified transactions which occasionally relate to great affairs. Except in his Spanish misadventure, Lord DALLING was never connected with any conspicuous failure. His literary pretensions procured him a certain reputation for ability outside the limits of his profession; and his own experience provided him with interesting subjects. Although he never attained greatness or considerable political importance, his death may fairly entitle him to a passing notice.

THE CUSTODY OF INFANTS.

IT is a commonplace that the surest way to make unreasonable agitations powerless is to allow no real grievance suffered by the agitators to go unredressed. Yet, like other commonplaces, it has often been recognized in word without being recognized in deed. The real and the imaginary wants get mixed up in the minds of the public, and the fact that those who ask redress are in the habit of putting forward claims of a less moderate character is made a reason for meeting their demands with indiscriminate refusal. This is especially true of the movement in favour of what are called women's rights. Its promoters maintain that women will never have justice done them till they have votes and can make members of Parliament feel their displeasure. The best and most conclusive answer that could be given to this argument would be to show those who use it that, as a matter of fact, women can get justice from a Legislature consisting wholly of men. Probably the leaders of the agitation would not be turned from their purpose by this discovery. They desire the franchise for its own sake, not merely for the sake of what they hope it will bring them. But there are others—the rank and file of the agitation, so to speak—who desire the franchise simply on the latter ground, and these women would lose a large part, if not the whole, of their interest in the greater object if the lesser were given to them through another channel. This straightforward way of disarming the bulk of the enemy's troops is not always properly valued by the opponents of the women's rights movement. They are too much given to treat the claims put forward by women as homogeneous. They do not sufficiently distinguish between those which are founded on a sense of practical wrong and those which have their origin in abstract theories. And the consequence is that the extreme section of the agitation is continually reinforced by many who would otherwise hold aloof from it. It is the story of Irish misgovernment over again on a smaller scale. Fenianism was most dangerous when it could point to an alien religious establishment and an oppressive land law. The more willing men show themselves to give women what they may fairly ask, the less likely it is that the House of Commons will ever be returned by or be composed of women.

There is a Bill now before the House of Commons which deserves the attention of those who wish to deprive women of the formidable vantage-ground afforded by a real injustice. It consists of only two clauses—the first providing that upon petition of the mother of any infant under sixteen years of age a judge of one of the Superior Courts of Equity in England or Ireland may order that such infant shall be given up to her, and shall remain in her custody until such age, not exceeding sixteen, as the judge shall direct; the second abolishing the rule of law which ignores as contrary to public policy agreements by a father to give up the custody of his children to their mother. The effect of this Bill if it becomes law will be to extend the principle laid down by "TALFOURD'S Act" to children under sixteen, instead of limiting it as now to children under seven. As the law stands at present there are only two ways in which a woman whose husband has been guilty of gross misconduct can keep her children with her against their father's will. She may institute a suit in the Divorce Court, and, if successful, the Court will remove the children of the marriage from the care of the unfaithful husband, and hand them over to the injured wife. Or she may induce her husband to sign a deed of separation in which it is provided that the children shall remain with her. But for the carrying out of this provision she must depend on the honour of her husband or on her ability to show that actual injury—moral or physical—will be inflicted on the children by their being allowed to remain under their father's charge. If the husband is dishonourable enough to repudiate his share of the bargain, the Court of Chancery, regarding such agreements as contrary to public policy, will not enforce this part of the deed against him—unless his conduct has been such as would induce the Court to take his children from him even if no agreement had been made. But the cases in which the Court is of opinion that the children will distinctly suffer from contact with their father are very few, and the facts relied on to create this opinion must of course be proved by evidence. The publicity entailed by an application to the Court of Chancery is very little less than that entailed by an application to the Divorce Court.

The evils of the present state of things are twofold. In the first place, it deprives a mother of the possession of her children under circumstances in which she has a strong claim to have it. In the second place, it tends to drive an injured wife, as the only means of keeping her children with her, either to submit to gross indignities or to subject herself and her children to the degradation and injury of a divorce suit. It cannot be maintained that a husband who by adultery or cruelty has forced his wife to leave his house has any moral right to retain his children with him while they are too young to have any will of their own on the subject. As between the two parents, the one who is innocent and is also likely to suffer most by separation is certainly the one whose wishes ought most to be considered. A man whose love for his children is very keen will hardly injure their prospects by conduct which makes it impossible for their mother to continue to live with him without sacrificing her self-respect. Or, even supposing that exceptional cases do occur in which a man's love for his children is both great in the first instance and unaffected by his having immoral relations with women, it is only fair that, since one or other of the parents must suffer, it should be the one in whose misconduct the necessity has its origin. And if there should be any special circumstances which suspend the application of this principle, they may, under this Bill, be submitted to the judge to whom the mother's petition has been presented, and may legitimately influence his decision. He is not bound to grant the petition unless he thinks fit, and if he does grant it he can surround the concession with whatever conditions he thinks proper. There may be some points on which the operation of this Bill will have to be guarded, and the wife who charges her husband with immoral conduct will, we presume, be bound to prove her allegations, if required. The probable effect of the Bill, however, will be to promote the settlement of such matters out of Court. If the main injustice of the present law is that it deprives mothers of their children, its chief practical mischief is that it sends wives into the Divorce Court who otherwise would never go there. When a husband is unfaithful to his wife, the best thing that the wife can do, in by far the majority of cases, is to come to an agreement by which she and her children can, for a time at all events, live by themselves. She can rarely have anything to gain by making her husband's misconduct public, and the future of the children must always be injured by the results of a public trial. Yet this most obvious and salutary mode of settling matters is one to which no binding force can be given. If the husband consents to sign a deed of separation by which the children are assigned to the mother's care, she knows that if he changes his mind he can set the deed aside at his pleasure. It is contrary to public policy, and as such the Court of Chancery may be asked, and, if asked, will in ordinary cases be bound, to declare it void. If the husband wishes, either from actual ill-feeling to his wife, or from a regard to his own interests, to prevent a separation, she has no choice but either to submit to live with him on his own terms, or to leave him and her children at the same time, or to institute a suit in the Divorce Court.

It has been found that "TALFOURD'S Act" has removed all difficulties as regards children under seven years of age. As soon as the law gave an injured wife the right to claim her children at the hands of the Court, all unwillingness on the part of the husband to enter into a private arrangement to the same effect disappeared. Few men are so unreasonable as to refuse to concede that which, if they do refuse, they can be made to concede. The present Bill will have a precisely similar effect as regards children over the age of seven. The husband will no longer have any motive for refusing to make a private arrangement. On the contrary, he will have every motive for making one, inasmuch as his wife will probably give him

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some consideration for his consent, while, if he withholds it, she can obtain all she wants from the Court without giving any consideration at all. And when the arrangement is made, it will be as binding as any other legal contract, with the single exception that if the Court is of opinion that the agreement is injurious to the children, it is not to be enforced. This provision meets the case of wives who in their eagerness to separate from an unfaithful husband have treated the interests of their children as something altogether subordinate and unimportant. Whatever practical objections may be offered to this Bill, its object is certainly a good one, and it deserves favourable consideration.

A MANLY AND NOBLE SPORT.

THE arguments which are annually put forward to prove that the annual exhibition on Epsom Downs should be a cause for national thanksgiving have recently taken a more apologetic tone than of old. A respectable minority, too, has shown that it ventures to sympathize with the heresiarch, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who denounces the old orthodox faith as a demoralizing superstition. He probably rather injured his case by dwelling upon the parallel between the Derby Day and Ascension Day. It does not, in our opinion, follow from the respect paid to one festival and the neglect of the other that the House of Commons sets a greater value upon horse-racing than upon Christianity. We could, indeed, suggest some plausible reasons for the belief that the interests of religion are considered as being at least upon a level with those of the Turf. An open avowal of infidelity might not excite quite so much contemptuous ridicule as an avowal of indifference to sport; but, on the other hand, a proposal to suppress the teaching of the Christian religion is probably further from adoption than a proposal to interfere with betting on horse-races. However that may be, the great motive for the rejection of Mr. Hughes's motion was not so much any genuine affection for the Derby as the thorough conviction of the House of Commons that a holiday is not a thing to be abandoned in a hurry. Once break through a precedent resting upon a good old-fashioned tradition, and there is no knowing how far the innovation might proceed. The good old commonplaces about the manly virtue of the sport and the improvement of the breed of horses were put forward merely as a decent screen for the more intelligible motive. Mr. Gladstone's declaration that the House regarded horse-racing as "noble, manly, distinguished, and almost historically national sport," had rather a hollow sound, and he found it necessary to argue that, whilst doing homage to the sport, the House did not take cognizance of the abuses which, after all, were not essentially associated with it. This is a singularly convenient form of argument, for by the simple process of calling the bad results of any institution its "abuse," and the good ones its "use," we may find excellent reasons for approving of any practice that has ever prevailed amongst mankind. Nor is there anything easier than to decide that the abuses are not "essentially associated" with the uses, if the phrase merely means that, though they are invariably associated in practice, we can conceive of them as existing separately. The power of abstraction is that by which the human is distinguished from the animal mind; and no doubt a person of Mr. Gladstone's imaginative power may conceive of a Derby without betting, brutality, and extravagance, just as the celebrated Crambe conceived of a Lord Mayor without his gold chain or robes, and even without his head, legs, arms, or body. Unfortunately, as Mr. Hosea Biglow observes of wrongs in the abstract that "that kind of wrong no one never committed," so we may say that Mr. Gladstone's ideal Derby, apart from all its theoretically separable accidents, has never yet been run.

However, we must not criticize Mr. Gladstone's arguments too closely, for he was plainly going through a mere perfunctory parade of argument, whilst in reality pleading to willing ears for retaining a holiday. He may probably think that horse-racing is an "almost historically national sport," or indeed he may leave out the almost; but we doubt whether in cold blood he would concede to it the conventional epithets "manly and noble." They are indeed vague enough to cover a wide field of eulogy; but we confess that we find some difficulty in making them fit. Granting, for we have no desire to be austere, that the House of Commons is justified in clinging to every excuse for relaxation, let us ask the wider question, whether the Derby, besides being historically national, is a thing of which the nation should be proud? Is it in any intelligible sense manly and noble? or would it be more accurately, if not more elegantly, described as ignoble and horsy? The question, to our thinking, almost answers itself. A test at any rate may be suggested which will enable us to reach a decided conclusion. Would any respectable person advise a young gentleman of property, just coming of age, to go upon the Turf? Or rather, for that form of inquiry savours a little of the Religious Tract Society, What is the impression made, not upon old ladies or strait-laced pedagogues, but upon the ordinary man of the world, by the announcement that a youth has taking to horseracing? Does it imply that he probably possesses a taste for art, or literature, or science; that he is likely to be a patriot or a social reformer, or even an introducer of agricultural improvements? Does it even show that he is probably anxious to shine as an accomplished gentleman in the physical as well as in the intellectual sense of the word, and that he is overflowing with superabundant vitality? The answer, of course, is almost too plain to give at length. Every sensible person knows the presumption to be, that the youth has just enough education to keep a betting-book; that his reading is confined to the sporting newspapers, and that the literary luminaries whom he knows are the prophets who write in them; that in all probability his fortune will be crippled, and that it is quite certain that he will have to associate with some of the most finished scoundrels that are to be found in this or any other country. However many exceptions there may be to the general rule, it may be said without hesitation that no class of society is so repulsive to the civilized being as that of the genuine betting-man. It is possible—for human nature is full of contradictions—to find instances in which a taste for the Turf is combined with a taste for better things; but in proportion as a man is devoid of any worthy aims in life he is likely to take to the Turf, and in proportion as he is absorbed in the Turf he becomes incapable of any generous ambition. The facts are notorious, and indeed nobody cares to deny them. In its least injurious form, horse-racing might be a harmless mode of amusement for such men as Lord George Bentinck or the late Lord Derby. As one of the traditional appendages to the character of the British nobleman, a love of the Turf might pass muster. But nobody seriously regards the professional betting-man—the person to whom the Turf affords the chief occupation instead of the occasional relaxation of life—as anything but an unavoidable, yet almost intolerable, nuisance. Even if the lovers of the sport abstain carefully from anything that would fit them to stand at the bar of a criminal court, and draw the line which separates honourable from dishonourable practices at a rather higher level than they seem always disposed to do, it would be simply absurd to say that there is anything "noble and manly" in the amusement. There is something manly in athletic sports, so long as they are free from the taint of gambling; and there is something noble in the field sports which, in their unadulterated form, are associated with a poetical sense of the beautiful in nature. But nobody—except in a Parliamentary sense—would associate such words with a pursuit in which success comes most naturally to the man who is most selfish, calculating, and incapable of intellectual enjoyment. It is not elevating for any man to dabble in the casuistry which systematically confuses the narrow limits within which business acuteness fades into sharp practice and downright dishonesty; and if we were required to give a chemical analysis of the most thoroughly unhealthy social atmosphere in existence, we should begin by assuming it to be impregnated with the vapours of the Betting Ring. Democratic persons are in the habit of telling us that the British nobleman is effete and ought to be abolished. Whether this is true or not is rather a wide question, but it would be easy to answer if we could tell which type was likely to predominate—the one which takes the horse-dealer or the one which takes the statesman for its model. In short, when we put illusions aside, and assume simply what everybody knows to be true, it must be allowed that it would not be easier to erect a less attractive idol than that which is worshipped on Epsom Downs, or to select a less appropriate age for its worship. Whatever may be the effect of the institution on the breed of horses, there can be no doubt as to its influence on the breed of men. From the distinguished swell who is the object of popular admiration down to the lowest rough who distorts the English language into strange oaths, or scrambles for the fragments that fall from the rich man's carriage, there are few who would not have been morally the better if they had stayed at home.

To preach against such customs is of course useless. Sermons which are directed against the absentees from church may be fairly described as elaborate bulls; and it is pretty much the same thing to tell members of the Ring that other classes of the community think their pursuits questionable or worse. They are not much concerned to deny it, and only laugh at an attack which assumes that they care for the opinion of people who do not know the name of the Derby favourite. Moreover, it is possible that there are still ten righteous men in the body, and the degrading influence of the gambling element has not quite eaten out all that was sound, or at least harmless, in the original amusement. The Turf may perhaps be going the way of prize-fighting, but it has some generations of vitality in it still. We do not, however, accept the alternative suggested by Mr. Gladstone, that if the Turf was as bad as Mr. Hughes maintained, Parliament ought to interfere more actively than by refusing to adjourn. There are, as Mr. Gladstone would admit at any other time, plenty of amusements, even more distinctly immoral, interference with which lies altogether outside the proper sphere of Parliamentary influence. How far, in particular, it can ever be desirable for the State to endeavour to suppress gambling by direct legislation is a very difficult question; and even if the Derby had sunk into nothing better, as it is little better, than a lottery pure and simple, it would be a delicate problem whether active interference would be desirable. However that may be, nobody proposes to attempt any discouragement of horse-racing; if the custom is ever to die out, it had better expire of itself; but meanwhile we are glad to see the disappearance of the superstition that there was really something in it to boast about. People talked as if there was something marvellous about the good order and the general impressiveness of

the proceeding, and some such belief still lingers amongst a certain number of our foreign visitors. The mere facts, however, are easily to be understood, and scarcely afford much ground for satisfaction. A great lottery is being drawn, which has encouraged a vast amount of gambling, and given ample opportunity for every variety of sharp practice within or without the strict limits of honesty; the gamblers directly interested are the nucleus of a vast crowd, formed chiefly of that lovely creature, the London rough, and generally disposed to drink more than is good for it. The rest is coming to be insignificant surplusage, and if dice-boxes were used instead of horses, the essential facts would remain unaltered. What there was once of genuine interest in horse-racing tends to be swamped by the lower elements, and though such interest was at no time characteristic of a very noble type of humanity, yet, when it has quite gone, perhaps Parliament will feel that its excuse for a holiday is becoming almost untenable.

RECENT CHANGES AT OXFORD.

NO places or institutions in the country are supposed by the general public to be so conservative in spirit, and in fact so unchanging, as the Universities; none are really so restless and variable. Old Oxford and Cambridge men who only read the University intelligence in the *Times* or the *Guardian* may indeed perceive that there is no small activity, and sometimes plenty of heat, in the local legislatures of both learned bodies; and Oxford at least is known to be occasionally visited by theological storms of greater or less, though latterly of gradually diminishing, intensity. No one, however, could gather from the brief reports in the newspapers the real bearing of the questions which occupy the Congregation at Oxford and the Senate at Cambridge; and still less the nature of the modifications which have during the last few years been made in the system of examination and of teaching. We are therefore disposed to believe that an account of some of these may be of service to many readers whose interest in the higher education of the country is greater than their opportunities of ascertaining how it is conducted. The ecclesiastical disputes which have disturbed Oxford we willingly pass over; nor have we space for a discussion of the social changes which must follow that abolition of celibate fellowships which many of the colleges are carrying out in a rather careless and precipitate way. Neither do we intend to make any reference to Cambridge, which, it must never be forgotten, is by no means a duplicate of the sister University. For the present we propose to call attention only to the instruction given at Oxford, in the methods and quantity of which there have been made during the last ten or fifteen years alterations of the highest importance, alterations which are all the more significant because they show unmistakably what direction must be taken by any further reforms. They have been brought about so gradually that even at Oxford people have not quite realized how considerable the difference is, while the outer world scarcely knows of it at all.

One of these is the organization of college lectures by a combination of colleges. Formerly each of the nineteen colleges undertook to provide instruction for its undergraduates in all the subjects recognized in the degree examinations. Each therefore kept a couple of tutors or lecturers at work upon classical scholarship, one or two more upon ancient history and philosophy, another upon mathematics, and, in a few instances, another upon modern history. Each of these instructors lectured to a class of from four to ten or fifteen men only; each trod the same weary round from year to year; each was doing, or trying to do, exactly what all the others in the other colleges were doing. Any one can see not only what a waste of power there was under this system, but how limiting and depressing its influence must have been upon the teachers. It gave them no variety in the subjects they dealt with; it left them little or no leisure to follow out particular lines of study, and supplied no motive for doing so; since, if they did, they would not be able to turn such special knowledge of one branch as they might have acquired to account by lecturing upon it. Yet nothing is more certain than that to teach well a man must be always learning—refreshing and stimulating his mind by studies directed on a definite plan towards a definite end.

The simple remedy for these evils was discovered about three or four years ago, and has now been applied in a manner incomplete, indeed, but highly beneficial so far as it goes. Two unions or federations of colleges have been formed for the purposes of the Classical School, one of which embraces three and the other six colleges. All the tutors and lecturers of the colleges composing each of these federations meet at the end of each term, and arrange among themselves a joint scheme of lectures for the term ensuing, each undertaking the book or topic to lecture upon which he is supposed to be most competent to treat. The lectures thus settled are then announced in a printed notice, and are open to all the members of these combining colleges, who thus obtain a much wider range of instruction than they could have found each in his own college, while yet they retain their right to have private direction and assistance in their studies from their college tutors. A similar union, embracing five colleges, has been formed by the tutors and lecturers in mathematics; and a third, still larger, which includes at this moment no less than fourteen colleges, by the tutors and lecturers in modern history—a subject in which such combination was peculiarly needed and is pre-eminently useful, since the studies of the Modern History School cover an area much wider than any one, two, or even three college lecturers could be competent to deal with. In this way, an undergraduate belonging to any one of the associated colleges has now an ample field of choice given him, both as respects subjects and teachers, and can, at one part or another of his course, obtain, without any payment beyond his regular tuition charges, oral instruction in pretty nearly every branch of his reading. The benefit extends even further, for although it is only to their own undergraduates that the lectures given by the associated tutors are open free of charge, undergraduates from other colleges or unattached students may make arrangements for attending on payment of a small fee.

The other change which has passed upon Oxford has been much more gradual, but certainly not less important. Twenty years ago, when the first University Commission was exciting the horror of respectable and contented Toryism, professorships were practically sinecures, places of some considerable dignity, moderate emolument, and absolutely no duties. There were indeed in most cases old statutes requiring the holder of a chair to give a course of lectures in the year, and where the payment of the salary depended on such a rule it was usually complied with, but in the most lifeless fashion. Not more than two or three professors gave serious lectures, likely to be of real use to students; the rest were either silent altogether, or went through the form of lecturing in a way which showed that they held it to be nothing more than a form. The whole teaching of the place was in the hands of the college tutors and the private "coaches," and men pointed complacently to the miserable Universities of Germany or Scotland, and asked what could be expected from institutions where there was none of that familiar instruction and moral discipline which distinguished our two great academies. The notion of professors, or at least teaching professors, naturally suggested metaphysics and infidelity. The reformers, however, went on undismayed, and although little was done to change the position of the professoriate generally, several new chairs were founded, several old chairs were better endowed, and by degrees the idea sprang up in the minds as well of the professors themselves as of the community that there really were functions for public teachers to discharge, functions different in nature from, and not necessarily superseding, the action of the college tutors. In this way, owing very much to the influence of the example set by two or three distinguished men whom it would be invidious to name, things have gone on improving until in this present term, out of the whole number of forty-two professors, about thirty are delivering regular courses of lectures to a class, while of the rest nearly all have either announced one, two, or more occasional public lectures, or else are giving private instruction in an informal way to such students as choose to come for it. In merit, to be sure, these lectures considerably vary, but a respectable proportion of them are really valuable; and if they are sometimes defective in taking too narrow a range and treating a subject in too conventional and commonplace a way, this is rather the fault of the vicious examination system by which the University is oppressed than of the teachers themselves, who are frequently drawn away from what they believe to be the best method of handling their topic by the demands of an undergraduate audience which insists on having facts and notions given it that may be turned to account in answering examination papers. Even with this drawback, the more elevated and comprehensive spirit in which subjects are treated by public teachers has begun to tell upon the place. Mr. Lowe, and those others who, with carelessness like his, seem to suppose that nothing is taught at Oxford except Latin and Greek grammar and composition, and that it is practically the private coaches who do this teaching, might be advised to read through the lists of lectures issued by the professors and the leagues of combined college tutors, where they would find instruction offered, not only in the old subjects—classics, philosophy, ancient history, mathematics, and theology, but also in five or six distinct branches of natural science and natural history, in eight or nine departments of modern history, in three or four departments of law; and they ought at the same time to be told that these lectures—although, as respects the professors, there is no rule enforcing attendance—are diligently frequented by the undergraduates, while the old system of coaching with private tutors has shrunk almost to nothing. Of all the charges that are brought against the University, none is less grounded than that of restricting herself to the old-fashioned studies, and making it her chief aim to produce finished classical scholars. The danger to which she is exposed is rather that of attempting in her degree examinations to cover too wide a field, and to treat it, in examining, somewhat too vaguely and superficially. And if the aim of her teaching may be inferred from its result, she aims at producing not learned men or accurate men or refined men, but smart and confident extemporizers upon things in general. The art of writing leading articles is the art which Oxford, thanks to her examination system, has for the last twenty years been teaching; it is one which Mr. Lowe and other "practical men" might have been expected to appreciate.

The conclusion pointed to as well by the development of professorial teaching, and the success that has attended it, as by the excellent results of the schemes of combined college lectures, is clearly this—that the reform which ought next to be undertaken is the organization of instruction on a University, and not on a collegiate, basis. A college such as the colleges of Oxford is too small to be a satisfactory unit for educational,

whatever it may be for social, purposes; the tutor who lectures to his own undergraduates only has a narrow and monotonous round of duties, while the undergraduates who are restricted to their own college tutor have little choice of subjects, even if he is competent, and, if he is not, they are without remedy. The number of students unattached to any college is moreover rapidly increasing, and for them the University to which alone they owe allegiance is specially called upon to provide, opening to them not only the best teaching, but also more frequent opportunities than they now have of mixing with the college students and obtaining the social benefits of academic life. What is wanted for both sets of students, collegiate and unattached, is the provision of abundant oral instruction in all the branches, not only of a liberal, but of a technical or professional education, so far as that education can be given in a middle-sized town where there are no engineering works and no great hospitals; such instruction being thrown open, not only to those students who may be going through their regular course for a degree, but also, as in Germany, to any others who choose to come merely for the sake of hearing the best lecturers. Oxford is still far enough from making such provision, from holding out such intellectual attractions (whatever her material and social ones) as those which draw students from all quarters to Berlin now, as to Göttingen sixty years ago. Her professoriate is in some branches very incomplete, and it is for the most part very ill paid. The combined lecture scheme, useful as it is, must be regarded as a temporary expedient, depending on the fortunate concurrence of a certain number of tutors who might at any moment dissolve partnership, and even now not embracing many of the colleges, and among these several of those where good instruction is most wanted. It is not therefore surprising if many persons hold that the first, and perhaps the only really urgent, measure of reform is the application of a part of the college revenues, now in great measure expended on non-resident fellowships, to the establishment of University lectureships, which shall do in a regular and permanent way what the college tutors are now trying to accomplish by their voluntary action. It is, they urge, only in this way, and by what is another part of the same programme, the further extension of the professoriate, that Oxford can do justice to the enormous field of studies on which she invites her children to enter. And it is only in this way, by making these lectureships and professorships more attractive than they now are, that she can hope to retain the services of her ablest men.

The problem is not free from grave difficulties, but after the prophecies so often repeated of the ruin which was to befall Oxford from one reform or another, it is something to see that she is now more vigorous than at any time since the days of Richard II., and that during the last few years public spirit, a sense of duty, and a real interest in learning as well as in education, have conspicuously increased among her teachers, and have begun to produce results already important and full of high promise for the future.

SEEING THE ACADEMY.

WHY do people go to the Academy? We only realize the power of British art at the opening of May. Nobody wants to go. Artists shrug their shoulders at the prospect of acres of spoilt canvas. The man who "hates art" growls as the moment draws nearer when art will drag him at its chariot wheels. The British maiden yawns prophetically over the crush and the worry to come. Husbands grind their teeth as the annual tribute of a connubial tour through the galleries recurs with the burst of spring. Dowagers deplore the boredom and the middle benches. Even the most abandoned of loungers shivers at the notion of a lounge through Burlington House. And yet in the end everybody goes. We have known, indeed, a steady mind and an inborn antipathy to pictures enable a man to hold out as far as June. But even the steadiest mind is beaten by the necessities of dinner talk and the look of despair when one's neighbour finds herself checkmated in the usual game of pretty talk over the charm of this artist and the vagaries of that. The Academy, in fact, has become an institution; it is one of the grooves of the season, and in the long run people find it easier to run in grooves than to face the bother of keeping out of them. When once, too, the necessity of going is fairly submitted to, there are a good many considerations which alleviate its bitterness. There is the attraction, and something more than the attraction, of a crush. For two months the Academy furnishes a big afternoon drum for all London. It is a crush, too, where you not only meet the people whom you want to meet, but the people whom you must meet, and yet wish to meet as seldom and with as little social inconvenience as possible. It is pleasant when one encounters a country cousin in Pall Mall to evade the looks of piteous entreaty for a card of invitation by a passing "So glad to see you! we shall be sure to meet at the Academy!" Society, too, presents itself here in easier and more picturesque forms than in ordinary crushes. Instead of straining our neck over the staircase to see the lions or royalties of the season, we see them blandly looking down on us from the walls. We can put up our eyeglass and quiz the hero of a hundred fights without a tinge of social impertinence. It is possible to get a good look at the last new beauty without elbowing one's way through a mob of guardsmen. The Duke whom we were vexed at discovering last night in an ordinary dress-coat revives the dreams of our youth as he shines down on us in the glories of the Garter. All the commonplace of society, indeed, is enshrined at the Academy in a certain air of romance. The tame life of home and the drawing-room is oddly mixed up with a life of wilder and more grotesque imagination than ever visited the dreams of Mrs. Radcliffe or peopled the Castle of Otranto. We hardly recognize the squire in his hunting-coat as he jostles with the Arab Sheik at prayer in the limitless desert. Andromeda turns from her dragon to stare into the red face of General Blazer. The great surgeon of the period with his tibia in front of him is busy lecturing to a stampedo of wild oxen across an Indian prairie. A Highland torrent in full flood sweeps ruthlessly down on a monk in the confessional. We get in fact all the pleasure of a crush combined with the thrill and romance of a sensational novel. It is hard to have to put down Miss Braddon at the crisis of her stories in order to chat with Miss Dullanddreary. But in the Academy one can chat with Miss Dullanddreary in an atmosphere of Miss Braddon.

Allowing, however, for alleviations such as these, there is something amusing in the factitious heartiness with which people throw themselves into the Academy as soon as its hour has come. There is a fashionable superstition that nobody goes before ten, and that early birds pick up very artistic worms indeed. The result of this superstition is that everybody promises everybody else to meet them at eight at Burlington House. There is a wild fiction of early rising and early breakfasts. We swallow our weak tea and our scorched toast, and hurry to the gallery to find of course that the fair one who lured us from our pillow is still comfortably revelling on her own. Only a few melancholy objects are lounging about, and casting looks of malignity on the canvases which have supplanted their own. The morning has indeed its early birds, but they are for the most part persons of an æsthetic turn. The artist whose work has been rejected is hurling bitter scorn at the heads of his successful rivals. He has his little tale of the intrigue which favoured Jones, and of the miserable jealousy which sent Brown howling back to his studio. He knows the secret history of every member of the Hanging Committee, and has gloomy views as to their destiny in an after-world. His æsthetic friend, "who only sketches, you know," lounges beside him with sentiments less bitter, but of yet deeper contempt. He has no kind of sympathy with "popular art." He classes together in a common indifference all artists who "sell." He draws no invidious distinctions between Frith and Millais. His only real love is for works that are "skied" and works that are "floored." He leaves the world to "go safely in the middle," and is alternately on his knees spelling out some "Van-Eyck" little thing in the lowest corner, or on tiptoe straining his eyes at "colouring worthy of Mabuse," but set aloft like Naboth over the doorway. At nine come the critics. You see them jotting down notes in their catalogues, standing at proper angles, tapping their foreheads, frowning and smiling in a critical way. They pump the wandering artist and extract studio-talk out of the æsthetic lounger before hurrying back to the office of the "Thunderer." There is an air of gravity and respectability about their successors as the morning advances and the rooms fill, which tells of May meetings and Exeter Hall. In May, of course, art and piety go hand in hand. A lounge in the Academy is a graceful introduction to the religious meeting of the afternoon. Large white-chokers become numerous in the crowd. It drifts steadily to loyal and Scriptural subjects. Its sympathies waver between the Queen and the Den of Lions. We see it buzzing before the great picture by Mr. Watts, and explaining reverently, but at due length, the mystery of Cain and Abel. It allows itself, indeed, a few excursions into cognate subjects. Eastern pictures are treated as first cousins to Biblical ones, and Mr. Goodall is allowed a place in evangelical interest as a sort of fellow expositor with Dr. Kitto.

But piety passes with noon and the world streams in. The portraits get their innings. There are groups of pretty faces before the heroines of Mr. Millais or the heroes of Mr. Calderon, and each group resolves itself into a jury, and delivers verdicts of "like," and "not like a bit." There is no affectation of art criticism, but a steady buzz of "horrid" and "sweetly pretty." Next to the faces the jurors are most attentive to dress. They discuss the quality of silks, or the "match" of ribbons, with as much vivacity as if they were still revelling in Marshall and Snelgrove's. They are great on "attitudes," and think the air Sir Francis gives to his sitters is perfectly ladylike. A thousand little stories flit about this picture and that. Lady Betty's portrait is the happy result of a love-quarrel with her spouse. Mr. Tinto was "most delightful" while the Countess was sitting to him. There is a world of scandal in the little photograph at which the Duchess is supposed to be looking. But it is three, and fashion is already ebbing away down the corridors to the fringe of footmen round the gate. City people begin to flock in—portly, important, broad-backed. Their one test of artistic value lies in the red ticket that marks a work as sold. They don't bother themselves with little pictures. They love a big canvas, and a subject with no nonsense in it. They are curious about the prices of things, and go into thrilling calculations as to the number of guineas which would cover Mr. Millais's last production, and how many times one could repeat the process if the tale of its cost be true. They like art which "people can understand," and turn away from the elaborate handling of Mr. Lewis with a sneer of contempt. They are strictly moral, and think that the Academy should be a place where one can take one's wife. We see the City mother gathering her chickens round her, and hustling

them ostentatiously past figures in the nude. On the other hand, they can hardly gaze too long at the sentiment of Mr. Faed, or the bustle of Mr. Frith. They like history, and read with intense interest the copious quotations from Hume or Smollett in the Academy Catalogue. The yawning schoolboy of the party is fetched from the background to see Gaveston whispering into Edward's ear, and is told not to forget it when he returns to Dr. Drillem's. But it is the domestic branch of art which appeals most strongly to civic sympathies. They are never weary of babies carried upstairs, and babies carried downstairs. The burly banker whispers pleasantly in his wife's ear as the maiden loiters with her love at the stile. The mother insists that the child who is tumbling in the foreground of the picture below is the very image of little Johnny. It is indeed by the number of such images of little Johnny which she detects that she judges the Exhibition. Rougher tests are being applied by the crowd of country visitors who follow in her wake. The farmer is severe on Mr. Mason's "Harvest Moon," and doubtful about the breed of oxen in Mr. Davis's "Panic." Critics in sporting coats are keen in "spotting" the points of the horses in the equestrian works of art around them. Shopboys come in to get a sight of the lords on the walls, so as to recognize them when they next get an outing in the Park. The "humorous" side of English art gets its full tribute of admiration, and as it sinks in the social scale the crowd at the Academy laughs all the louder at the conventional naughty boy or the sly "kiss in the corner."

One of the greatest social charms of the Academy is that it is a crush where talk is found for one. There is no need to remember whom we met last night at Lady Bareacre's reception, or what we thought of the new tenor at Her Majesty's. We nod to our friend, inquire whether he has seen "Dummy Whist," and pass on. The worn-out topics of ordinary conversation are pleasantly superseded. Millais takes the place of the weather, and Mr. Whistler's grandmother serves as a "common friend." Even when we are pumped dry by a chaperon a glance at the walls restores our conversational fluency. There is a sketch of the Rialto, and we are able to parade our acquaintance with the Grand Canal. The red glow of the Nubian hills which we catch over our cousin's shoulder enables us to reintroduce with effect our famous old story of the Pacha and the Dragoman. If we stop at a picture in despair, and find it is a place where we never have been, it is easy to explain how much we should like to go. Then, too, there are jokes over the Catalogue, and sly quizzings of the mottoes and the titles. Sometimes, too, we are able to take a loftier flight, and to plume ourselves in artistic feathers. A little knowledge of studios goes a great way. It places one apart from the general rush of visitors to have seen a picture before it was hung, or to be able to tell of Jones's doubts as to the proper way in which his picture should be finished; nor is it always necessary to have visited the studios to which one refers. "How different it looks now it is varnished!" implies a previous familiarity with the work in question without committing one to a distinct assertion of the fact. So, too, we may be glad it has "come out so well," or "better pleased with the original sketch." But without lofty flights such as these, there is the endless resource of comparing notes and exchanging likes and dislikes. There is the fertile topic of a comparison with past exhibitions. There are imaginative speculations as to the picture one would like to buy. A dash of artistic enthusiasm is permissible within moderate bounds. Sentiment which would be impertinent at a garden party can be insinuated with perfect propriety under the cover of art. A pretty compliment to a face in a picture may be so managed as to cannon off to the face at one's elbow. A glance at the two rural lovers who are crossing the harvest-field may mean a good deal if the comment sinks into a confidential whisper. A certain tone will give interest even to the name of a picture or to the tags of verse which sprinkle the catalogue. It is difficult for the fiercest of dragons to guard her virgins against flirtations at the Academy. It is a place where it is easy to meet, and where one may meet again and again without the slightest intention of doing so. Lucky crowds and broad-backed gazers shield maidens from their chaperons. It is possible that charming little fingers may be squeezed in borrowing a catalogue, and that charming little messages may sometimes be found in the notes on its contents. After all, it is very difficult to sever between emotion and emotion, and the sense of beauty glides easily from the abstract to the concrete. The Royal Academy would hardly have done its work if it left its scholars dead to the grace and colour around them. But perhaps it is the glamour of life as well as of art, the charm of the crowd below as of the pictures above, which helps us to understand why, after all our protests, we still go to the Academy.

V AND W.

WE have not very lately marked the course of the controversy which was raging a little time back about the pronunciation of Latin. But we have been led into a train of thought which may perhaps enable us to throw some light on at least one corner of the debate. We mean the sound of the Latin *V*, and, what to our mind is at least as interesting a question, the sound of the ancient Teutonic *W*. If what we say turns out to be new, so much the better; if anybody has said our sayings before us, let him perish according to the proverb.

One of the best ways of finding out how Latin was really sounded is undoubtedly by seeing how Latin words were expressed in Greek letters. This does not imply that we know any more about the sound of Greek than we know about the sound of Latin. Each language illustrates the other. To us it is proof which needs no further argument that the Latin was sounded hard, when we find that *Cicero* in Greek becomes Κικίρων. The Greek κ is sounded hard now; therefore it was sounded hard then; therefore the Latin *c* was hard also. But the whole force of this argument turns on its second stage. It stands thus. Sounds do not in the course of years get harder, but softer. The English and the Swedish *c* or *k* has got softened; the Latin *c* has also, for, without deciding the question of *Cicero, campus* has become *champ*. We might have reasonably expected the Greek κ to get softened also, and in some districts it has. But in the prevalent Greek pronunciation it has kept its hard sound; we say "kept," because it cannot possibly have picked it up in later times. Therefore Κικίρων was certainly sounded *Kikerôn;* therefore we infer that *Cicero* was in Cicero's own days sounded in the same way. That it should in after times come to be sounded in another way was only the common course of things.

But what we are going specially to consider now is the Latin *V*, and the light thrown on its pronunciation by the Greek writers. And the same inquiry also throws light on the pronunciation of the Greek β. It seems to us that a change in the pronunciation of both letters took place between—to put it safely—the age of Augustus and the age of Justinian, and that the Greek and the Latin letter, which at an earlier time had distinct sounds, came within that interval to have the same sound. We believe that at the earlier date the Latin *V* had—except in one particular position—the sound of our *W*, and that the Greek β most likely had the sound of our *b*, but that the two gradually drew together, and that, by the fifth or sixth century, both had come to be sounded like our *v* or the German *w*. Every one knows that the Latin *v* at the beginning of a word or syllable is in Greek expressed sometimes by *ου*, sometimes by β. What may not have been so commonly noticed is that the use of *ου* and β is by no means indiscriminate, or dependent wholly on the taste of the particular writer, but that a rule may be observed according to which the β gradually supplants the *ου*. We must mark also what each of these ways of expressing the Roman letter proves, and what it does not prove. That Latin initial *v* should be expressed in Greek by *ου* proves as much as any evidence of the kind can prove. It is inconceivable that a Greek writer could, at any stage of Greek pronunciation, use *ου* to express the sound of our *v*. Ου can only express *w*, as the modern Greeks still use it, writing *Wales* phonetically Ουέλς. If initial Latin *v* had our *v* sound, a Greek of any date would scarcely express it otherwise than by β. If he sounded β as our *v*, it would be the sound itself; if he sounded β as *b*, it would be the nearest approach to it. Such a form as Ουαλέριος proves almost to certainty that the Latin sound was our *Walerius*. But such a form as Βαλέριος does not go nearly so far to prove that the Latin sound was our *Valerius*. It goes much further to prove something abont the Greek β, namely that it was sounded like our *v*. In a language which had at least no one letter to express our *w*, *Valerius* would be a very fair substitute for *Walerius*, but no one would express *Walerius* by *Balerius*. On the other hand, if *Valerius* was the Latin form, in a language which had no letter exactly answering to our *v*, *Balerius* would be the nearest substitute. That is to say, the use of Greek β to express Latin *v* is consistent with the theory that the Latin initial *v* was English *w;* but the use of *ου* is not consistent with the theory that it was English *v*. And again, if Latin *v* was *w*, this is quite consistent, and more than consistent, with Greek β being English *v;* it is hardly consistent with Greek β being English *b*. On the other hand, if Latin *v* was English *v*, this is quite consistent with Greek β being English *b*. That is to say, the argument is in favour of Latin *v* being English *w*, and of Greek β being English *v*. If then we find Greek β steadily supplanting Greek *ου* as the way of expressing Latin *v*, the consequence seems to be that this marks a change of pronunciation in the Latin *v;* that in fact, during the time over which our evidence spreads, its sound was changed from that of *w* to that of *v*.

In one position indeed our evidence seems to show that the change began almost in the earliest time about which we can get any information at all. Polybios regularly uses the *ου* as the equivalent to the Latin *v* at the beginning of a word, and not only at the beginning of a word, but also at the beginning of a syllable when a consonant goes before. Thus he not only writes Οὐαλέριος, but also Φουλούιος. *Vulturnus* he writes Οὐλθυρνος, which is exactly analogous to the Danish *ulf* for the English *wulf* or the local pronunciation of *ooman* for *woman*. But when the *v* comes in the middle of a word between two vowels, he uses other ways of spelling. Thus we have (viii. 27) Λίβιος, and again (xxviii. 3) Ὀκταύιος. This, to our mind, goes a long way to show that the Latin *v* between two vowels had a different sound from what it had at the beginning of a word, or even when following a consonant; and it also goes a long way to show that the Greek β and the *v* following *a* had much the same sound. In the former case this leaves hardly any doubt that the initial *v* was our *w*, but that between two vowels, where the *w* sound is not easy to utter, it had already taken, or perhaps had from the beginning, the sound of our *v*. And it looks very much as if the Greek *αυ* had already its present sound of *av* or *af*. It may also possibly show that the β already had the *v* sound, though this does not necessarily follow, as it might be used merely as an approximation. We next looked through a book of Dionysius,

and found the initial *ου* universal; but when we come to such a name as *Flaminius*, he appears in the Greek as Φλαβολίβιος, a piece of evidence of exactly the same effect as that from Polybios. A book of Appian gives us the initial *ου* in every case; it also gives us Λίβιος, and, what sets us thinking again, it gives us Ὀκταούιος. The Roman lives of two volumes of Plutarch give us Ὀκταουιανός, Ὀκταβία, Φλάβιος, Σερουίλιος, Ὀκταούιος—a heap of inconsistency which looks as if either the *v* sound between two vowels, though in use long before, was still only an alternative sound, or else as if the *ου* was sometimes used even where it did not express the sound owing to its being the received way of expressing the Latin *v*. But the use by Plutarch of such a form as Ὀκταούιος calls us back to the use of Strabo, who not only constantly uses the *ου* at the beginning, but also has Ἐλουήτιοι, Παταούιον, Ἀηξουίνιοι—where the *ου* seems singularly inconvenient—and moreover he has Βελλόακοι for *Bellovaci*, the *v* here disappearing altogether. He has also Τιμαύου answering to Polybios's Ὀκταύιος; he has Νοβουμκώμουμ for *Novum Comum*; and, though he commonly has Ραουέννα, in one place, in our book at least, he has Ραβέννα. But we should not build much on this last, as no name could be more likely to be altered by a transcriber in the days when Ravenna was the head of Italy and was always written with a *β*. All this looks the same way as the evidence we get from Plutarch; but in Plutarch we get something else—namely, the first traces of the use of the *β* in the beginning of a syllable, and even at the beginning of a word. Thus we get Φουλβία; and, though *ου* is the form regularly used at the beginning of a word in the Life of Lucullus we hear of Βοκωνίος. In Dion the *β* makes further advances. Oddly enough, two competitors for the Empire are written in different ways; Βιτέλλιος gives way to the superior fortune of Οὐεσπασιανὸς, and Οὐίβιος, who, though he fell sick, recovered, follows the spelling of the conqueror. On the other hand, we get Σερουίλιος and Ὀκταούιος and Σαλουιδίηνος at an earlier time, and even Φουλουία. But we have Σίβηρος, even when he is spoken of in times earlier than his own. Mount *Vesuvius* is Βέσβιον; but at a later time still *Avitus*, in whose name one would have thought the *β* would be a relief, appears in the somewhat awkward shape of Ἀούειτος. Here is no very certain rule, but on the whole it looks as if Dion had a tendency to use the *ου* in the older names when he was copying from earlier books, and to use the *β* in names nearer his own time, when he was expressing his own actual pronunciation. Pausanias has Ὀκταβία. When we get to early Byzantine times—what from a Western point of view we might be tempted to call Ravenna times—the initial *ου* still holds its ground, though it is very often exchanged for the *β*. But in the middle of words the *β* seems to be universal, except when it is now and then exchanged for the *υ*, which by that time, at all events, no doubt had the same power. And thus we find such names as *Vales*, *Valentinianus*, and the like, most commonly written Οὐαλῆς, Οὐαλεντινιανός; but sometimes, in our Bonn edition at least, Βαλῆς, Βαλεντινιανός appear beside them even on the same page. Zosimos, too, who more commonly uses the *ου*, still talks of Βίκτωρ, and of Βῆρος, the *Verus* of the time of the Antonines. But we always seem to have the *β* in names like Ἰοβιανός, Ῥαβέννα, Σεβῆρος, except when for the latter we get the alternative form Σευῆρος. To us it seems plain that by this time both the Latin *v* and the Greek *β* in the middle of words had universally the sound of our *v*. About the initial the case is not quite so clear. It is possible that the sound of *w* may still have been striving for existence, but it is more likely that the use of *ου* was simply an archaism of spelling, which was kept on after the *v* sound had come into general use in pronunciation.

Now comes the other question, to us at least as important, the pronunciation of the Teutonic *w*. The Teutonic names which in their Latin shape begin with *v*, but which an Englishman is most inclined to spell with a *w*, are in the early Byzantine writers spelt as indifferently with the *ου* and with the *β* as are the purely Latin names. Thus the Vandals are commonly written Βανδῆλοι or Βίνδηλ ι. But we find Οὐανδαλοί as well. *Valamir*, the father of Theodoric, appears as Βαλαμῆρος, but Olympiodóros writes the name of *Walia* or *Valia* Οὐαλίας, and Vitiges, as he is called in Latin, appears in the Greek of Prokopios and of Menander as Οὐττιγις. This is the more to be noticed, as we have Βάνδηλος and Βαλεντῖνος on the same page. To us this goes strongly in favour of the *w* sound as the true pronunciation in these Teutonic names. If the sound were *w*, we can understand that a Greek might use *β*—our *v*—as the nearest equivalent of any single letter; while, if the sound were *v*, it is hard to see why a Greek writer should use *ου*, unless it was simply because that form had become established in Latin names.

The conclusion then to which we came by dint of our own small reading was that the original sound of the Latin *v* was *w*, except when it came between two vowels, when it seemed to have the *v* sound, at least as an alternative, even from the days of Polybios. From this it was not unnatural that the *v* sound should first extend itself to cases in which it began a syllable, but not a word, and last of all to the beginnings of words themselves. Thus we have found Λίβιος from the beginning; Φούλβιος marks the second stage, while Βαλέριος marks the last stage of all. While we were musing over all our conclusions, we found, not for the first time, how difficult it is to say anything which some German scholar has not said already. After this article was begun we lighted upon an essay by Professor Dittenberger, in the German periodical *Hermes*, headed "Römische Namen in griechischen Inschriften und Literaturwerken." To our shame, we had only made use of books, and had not thought of turning over the "Corpus Inscriptionum," but it was something to find that in the Professor's far more elaborate treatment of the matter, in which the question of *ου* and *β* fills but a very small place, there was at least nothing, as far as we could see, which showed us to be wrong. He says nothing as to the *w* sound, which we fancy that few German scholars would very willingly admit, and we cannot follow his argument that the use of both *ου* and *β* proves that neither of them represented the Latin sound. But his facts are the same as our own. The chief points to be noticed are the existence of one or two isolated examples of early date, one at least as early as the Polybian age, in which the initial *β* is found in Βίβια (*Vibia*) and Βαλέριος. The inference which we should draw from this would be that the Greek *β* had got its present sound of *v* earlier than we had fancied. While most writers represented the *w* sound by the more accurate but often very awkward-looking *ου*, a few from the beginning chose rather to express it by the approximate single letter *β*. As *v* itself gradually got the sound of *β*, this practice naturally became more common. Then Professor Dittenberger brings out a class of forms which we had only casually mentioned, where the Latin *v* is wholly left out in the Greek form, as in that of Βελλόακοι. Such forms as Φαώνιος for *Favonius*, and some further varieties of *Octavius*, Ὀκτάιος and Ὀκταῖος, illustrate this, as does Νοέμβριος for *November*. The striking thing about this, as it seems to us, is that it follows the old analogy by which Greek threw away the digamma. Ὠόν and ὄϊς, answering to *ovum* and *ovis*, are exactly analogous to these late forms. The other point is that now and then, in Italy at least, *ου* supplants *β* in a good Greek word as Σευαστός for Σεβαστός. This must have been mere confusion. The stone-cutter must have remarked that *ου* and *β* were often interchanged, and he must have thought that he was using the more correct form by using the *ου*. We cannot believe that any Greek ever said *Sewastos*; but even this confusion is again an argument for *Sevastos* against *Sebastos*.

MR. HARCOURT ON THE INVASION QUESTION.

THE recent discussion at the United Service Institution, and the newspaper controversy to which it has led, have excited public interest in a matter which is of vital importance to every Englishman. The issue which Mr. Vernon Harcourt has raised is whether or not the national insurance policy is sufficiently large and sound to cover all the risks which history, reflection, and analogy lead us to regard as within the limits of reasonable probability. Mr. Harcourt admits that an invasion is abstractedly possible, but affirms that it is so improbable that it may be looked on for all practical purposes as impossible. He disclaims all intention of dogmatizing on the subject, and modestly declares that his only object is to provoke a discussion which may elicit the opinions of scientific military and naval men on a point on which it is essential to arrive at a definite conclusion. It can scarcely be said, however, that he very successfully acts the character of a humble inquirer after truth, for he plunges with abundant intrepidity into a consideration of matters which belong exclusively to the very highest branches of the art of war. Mr. Harcourt in effect maintains that, owing to our insular position and our naval superiority, it is only necessary to keep up an army sufficiently strong to furnish reliefs to our colonial garrisons. Our first line of defence, the fleet, is, he considers, impregnable; a second line of defence is therefore, according to him, unnecessary. But what should we think of an engineer who, relying on the strength of his outworks, dispensed altogether with an enceinte? Let us, however, proceed to formulate his statements and examine them one by one. In his last letter to the *Times*, written after the discussion at the United Service Institution, and therefore presumably embodying his latest convictions, he propounds a problem of which the following is an abstract of the conditions. Point of the enemy's departure 300 miles distant, the possession by ourselves of 50 ironclads, 30,000 infantry of the line with reserves, 10,000 cavalry, 5,000 engineers, and 300 guns, what force would be required to invade this country? According to Mr. Harcourt, the three elements of the problem are to prepare a sufficient flotilla, to effect the passage in the presence of our fleet, and to disembark in the face of an hostile army. But Major Adams justly asks, Why 300 miles? why not from 22 to 300 miles? There are other countries in Europe besides Germany, and it is not impossible that either by force or alliance Germany might obtain either active assistance or the use of a port of embarkation considerably nearer to our coasts than 300 miles.

It may be urged with respect to France that she is by no means likely to coalesce with Germany, that she has every reason to hate Germany, and every reason to love England. Such may possibly be the case at present, but it is not the present alone, but the future also, that we have to deal with. Did not Metternich say that Austria would one day astonish the world with her ingratitude towards Russia, and was not that prediction signally fulfilled in the Crimean war? Who can foresee the political combinations of the future, especially as regards so vain and fickle a nation as France? It will not be time to arm ourselves when the emergency we now deem so distant shall have arisen. Military organization cannot be accomplished in a day, and military efficiency is a plant of very slow growth. Our available forces in Great

Britain, excluding the garrisons of Ireland and the Channel Islands, are really as follows:—38,991 infantry of all ranks; cavalry, exoluding officers, 5,259 mounted dragoons; artillery, 276 guns; engineers, excluding engineer train, 2,270 of all ranks—giving a grand effective total of about 35,000 bayonets, 5,000 sabres, and 276 guns available in Great Britain to repel an invasion. But Mr. Vernon Harcourt talks of reserves. According to the estimates for 1872 the number of army reserve men, first class, is 10,000; but from them we must deduct one-fifth as resident in Ireland, which would give 8,000. There remain the second class army reserve and the auxiliary forces. Of the former a large proportion are enrolled pensioners, only fit for garrison duty; while as to the latter, it would be rash in the extreme to pit our second-rate troops against the well-drilled soldiers who alone would be employed in an invasion. Granting, however, that the numbers of our auxiliary forces might compensate for their military inferiority, it is very certain that even if every man borne on the rolls of either the army reserve or the auxiliary forces were forthcoming when called upon—about which we have our doubts—some weeks would elapse before they could be made ready to take the field, and be incorporated with the active army. It is therefore on the regular army alone, numbering, as we have shown, about 40,000 sabres and bayonets and 276 guns, that we must—setting aside the question of Ireland—rely to sustain, at all events, the first brunt of the enemy's attack. This force, moreover, is scattered all over Great Britain, from Inverness to Plymouth, and notwithstanding the advantages of telegraphic and railway communication, it could not be concentrated to meet, say, a landing on the coast of Essex, Kent, or Sussex, under forty-eight hours at the least. We must also remember that the point of concentration would necessarily, in accordance with all the axioms of war, be at some distance from the coast; that some time would be occupied in organizing the army after the arrival of its different battalions, squadrons, and batteries; and that at first, admitting that our control arrangements were excellent—a very gratuitous admission by the way—the force would for some days be in the position of a ship newly commissioned. Moreover, to concentrate our whole force on one spot would be to invite defeat, for we cannot suppose that the enemy would not attempt diversions and feigned attacks, to be converted into real ones if judged advisable. Supposing our army assembled in the north of Essex to repel a landing threatened by a large hostile fleet. Well, that fleet turns out to be merely a lure, and the main force of the enemy suddenly disembarks, as Colonel Baker suggests, between Shoreham and Newhaven; what would be the time required to transport our army to the scene of action, or rather to the new rendezvous, which must be at least ten miles from the coast? 35,000 infantry with staff, according to the experience of the French and Germans, would require about 40 trains; 5,000 cavalry about 30 trains; and 60 batteries of artillery—the proper proportion for the force—about 120 trains. Allowing for the administration, control, hospitals, &c., only 10 trains additional, 200 trains, each with 2 engines, would be necessary. Allowing that each train started a quarter of an hour before its predecessor, that there were no stoppages on the way, and that both lines were used, the last train would not be able to set off till twenty-five hours after the departure of the first. We must also assume that the requisite rolling-stock was present, and that large bodies of men could embark and disembark from the carriages simultaneously. But, granting the most favourable conditions, the most perfect arrangement and the employment of several lines, we are convinced that a force such as we have enumerated could not be transferred to its new scene of action under forty-eight hours; and in the meantime the false attack might have been converted into a real attack. We are rather too prone to over-estimate the value to us of our complete network of railways. For long distances, and to bring up a force to a remote frontier, railways are no doubt most useful; but in our small island they are chiefly important as enabling us to concentrate our forces in anticipation of a landing; when the landing had once taken place, they would serve little purpose beyond that of bringing up stores and carrying away the wounded. It has been distinctly ascertained that the military value of railways increases with the length of the distances to be traversed; and all our distances are comparatively short.

Let us now place ourselves in the enemy's camp, and proceed to consider his difficulties. The first is, as Mr. Harcourt says, to provide means of passage. Unfortunately, notwithstanding his assertions, the Germans, not to speak of other nations, possess an ample fleet for the purpose. It is evident that he had totally overlooked the number of steamers belonging to the different companies carrying passengers and goods to the Hanseatic and other ports. These steamers are each capable of transporting for a short voyage 3,000 infantry or artillerymen, a battery without horses, and ammunition and food for a month; or 1,000 infantry or artillery, 300 horses, and ammunition and food for a month. Of such steamers there would be, according to Colonel Baker, sixty available. These would be quite competent to convey three German corps d'armée, numbering about 100,000 fighting men and 270 guns, with of course a reduced establishment of train horses and carts, which latter they would obtain on the theatre of war. It is possible also that more than one trip would be feasible, and that a large number of sailing vessels might be towed. As to provisions for a month, England is so rich in supplies that the amount might without rashness be reduced by one half. Neither would it be requisite to bring over at first the full proportion of cavalry, amounting to 10,404 of all ranks, for there are few districts in England suited to the action of large bodies of horse, and, as we have seen, we should only be able to muster 5,000 sabres. As to the difficulties of the passage, even supposing that we retain for ever a superiority in number of ironclads to the united navies of the world, Mr. Harcourt proceeds on the assumption that our whole fleet will not only be always in British waters, but in the precise portion of British waters traversed by an invading force. Our fleet has not only the whole coast of Great Britain and Ireland to watch, but also colonies in every part of the world; and, moreover, a series of disasters such as those of which our ironclads have lately been the victims might occur again, and on a more extensive scale. A blockade has become, according to the Royal Commissioners appointed to consider the defences of the United Kingdom, almost impossible. All that our fleet could do would therefore be to attack an enemy during his voyage. But there are such things as deceiving and eluding a protecting fleet under cover of darkness or by means of feints. Mr. Harcourt dwells upon the time required for the passage and the disembarkation, and quotes some musty instances in support of his theory. The French occupied, it is true, ten days in reaching Civita Vecchia and sixteen days in reaching Algiers, but we are not told how many sailing vessels there were among the transports. We have little doubt that, with powerful steamers in moderately favourable weather, 300 miles could be traversed in forty-eight hours; and how, as Major Adams asks, would it be if the distance were only twenty-two miles? Then as to disembarkation, Mr. Harcourt quotes the instance of the Crimea; but he has overlooked the case of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army, which landed in the course of a few hours, notwithstanding that the enemy's cavalry charged our infantry the instant they stept on shore, and kept up a terrific fire of artillery on the boats. An invader in these days would probably use steam launches and tugs of light draft, by means of which an entire army could be landed between sunrise and sunset. Mr. Harcourt lays great stress on the fact that we possess a large number of field guns, and he talks of an army of 30,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 300 guns. He is apparently not aware of the fact that there are limits to the number of guns which can be usefully employed, and that when those limits are exceeded artillery becomes rather a source of weakness than of strength. The best proportion of guns to bayonets and sabres is considered by the most eminent authorities to be about 3 per 1,000; yet to under 40,000 sabres and bayonets Mr. Harcourt would assign no less than 300 guns. Such a number of pieces would, according to Colonel Hamley, take up when on the march twelve miles of road. Arguing on this false premiss, Mr. Harcourt assumes that the enemy would observe the same proportion. He considers also that an invader would bring no fewer than 5,000 engineers, whereas the proportion observed by the Germans is 924 of all ranks to a corps d'armée of about 42,000 men of all ranks; and an ample proportion that would be, seeing that an invading army would have to engage in but few if any sieges.

As far as we can judge, the Germans or French could, with proper preparation, transport 100,000 fighting men to our shores for the main attack, employing half that number on a demonstration to be converted, if expedient, into a reality. Let us, however, halve these numbers, and suppose 50,000 men employed on the main, and 25,000 on the false, attack; could we without long previous notice of a contemplated invasion promptly concentrate *on any one spot* a force equal in numbers and efficiency? This is the real question of which a solution must be sought. To us it appears perfectly feasible with good management to land 50,000 men on our shores, and we see nothing extravagant in the supposition that such a force might seize and retain, for some days at least, possession of a large and rich tract of country. We might ultimately annihilate the enemy, but when once he had eluded our fleet we could not arrest his disembarkation. Have Englishmen realized to themselves what the consequences of such an event would be? Uhlans at Reigate and Guildford; Brighton, Shoreham, Lewes, and Newhaven paying heavy ransoms; every house in those places filled with hostile soldiery; farmers' stock ruthlessly swept up by the enemy's flying columns, gentlemen's mansions pierced with loopholes, the trees in their parks felled for abattis; the mayors and chief inhabitants of the towns carried off as hostages, fortunate if they were not shot as a reward of patriotism; cities and villages given to the flames because the local Volunteers had fired a few distant shots at a cavalry patrol; trade, commerce, and public business at a standstill; the Funds down to forty or less; husbands, fathers, brothers, sons torn from their homes to serve in the auxiliary forces; their carts, carriages, and horses everywhere pressed into the service of the contending armies; thousands of Englishmen lying dead, dying, or wounded, and the land full of weeping women. All this would be the inevitable consequence, not of a successful invasion, but of the mere temporary occupation of a small portion of our island. Do we like the prospect? are we prepared to run the risk? If not, let us make whilst we have time such preparations as shall render an invasion so utterly and glaringly hopeless an affair that it shall not enter into the minds of our neighbours even to think of it.

SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICS.

THE condition of South Africa curiously illustrates the tendency of our colonial policy during the last twenty years. We have allowed the descendants of Dutch settlers in the interior to constitute themselves into semi-independent States. The Transvaal Republic was established in 1852, and the Orange River Free State two years afterwards. The discovery of diamonds has given to this country an interest which otherwise it could hardly have attained, and the House of Commons has this week been asked to express its opinion that the prosperity of South Africa would be promoted by federation and railways. There were probably few members who had taken the trouble to peruse the papers which contain the history of the establishment of British jurisdiction in the remote district to which the diamond diggings have lately given a world-wide celebrity. It appears that a question of boundary had been long pending between Captain Waterboer, chief of the West Griquas, and the Orange River Free State, and that the disputed territory, in which diamonds have been largely found, has been by official inquiry ascertained to belong to Captain Waterboer, who has ceded the same to the Cape Colony, and thus the convenient result has been attained of bringing under British authority a district which otherwise was likely to have fallen into a condition of anarchy in which it would have been unprofitable to itself and troublesome to its neighbours. Happily in this instance expediency and justice seem to have arrived at an identical conclusion. It is only twenty years ago that boundaries were thought to be sufficiently ascertained by such loose phrases as "three hours' ride from the Mission Station of Pniel," and lately the "diamondiferous" land around Pniel has been sold to eager purchasers by the square yard. It may be strongly suspected that if this district had remained under the authority of Captain Waterboer, chief of the West Griquas, or of President Brand, of the Orange River Free State, it would have been unceremoniously "jumped" by diggers, who would have established a title practically irrefragable by possession. The appearance of a British magistrate and policemen was welcomed by all the settlers in the district who had any property which they could lose by violence, and it is satisfactory to learn from the blue-book lately published that a result almost universally desired was attained by legal means. As lately as last December President Brand and his Volksraad at Bloemfontein were in a condition of energetic protest, by correspondence, against the proceedings of the Governor of the Cape Colony, who, in transmitting this protest to his Government, reported that meanwhile British officers were in undisputed exercise of all public functions throughout West Griqualand, and that everything was going on quietly and satisfactorily at the diggings.

It is not perhaps surprising that President Brand considered himself equal to governing this district, but unfortunately those who would have been his subjects do not seem to have concurred with him. He informs Sir Henry Barkly that, "in order to meet the wants and requirements of the large population from different nations assembled at the Berlin Missionary Station, Pniel," a separate district had been formed and a Landdrost and other officers appointed to it, and the necessary measures taken by the Orange Free State Government "for the due and proper administration of justice, and the maintenance of law and good order." As regards what measures were necessary for these purposes opinions unfortunately are liable to differ. President Brand doubtless considered that the Government of which he was the head was the best in the world, and that the people of all nations who had collected at Pniel and Dutoitspan were particularly fortunate in having a Dutchman to govern them. We believe, however, that the prevailing opinion among the diggers was, that the magistrate of the Free State was a respectable but rather feeble old gentleman, and that his police were the greatest scoundrels unhanged. Indeed, the black executioner of the sentences of this magistrate was principally occupied in flogging his white-skinned representatives. It had become quite clear that if British authority did not intervene, the diggers would have to supplement the benevolent measures taken by President Brand for their comfort and happiness by some tolerably energetic proceedings of their own. The worthy Landdrost of Pniel, Mr. Truter, having, like his Government, emitted protests against all and sundry disturbers of his jurisdiction, allowed himself to be prevailed upon to desist from exercising it, and his policemen probably relapsed into their original occupation of thieving. His Master, President Brand, addresses Sir Henry Barkly with a proposal for arbitration between himself and Her Britannic Majesty as independent potentates, and he also sent a "Plenipotentiary and Diplomatic Agent" to London, whom however Earl Granville and also Lord Kimberley politely declined to recognize, on the ground that the official communications of the Free State ought to be addressed to the Governor of the Cape Colony. It would indeed be impossible for Downing Street to receive all the diplomatic agents who might present themselves. We heard lately that the Government of His Majesty the King of the Fiji Islands had opened a correspondence with Earl Granville, and although this country is very unwilling to acquire fresh possessions, yet it would be almost better, as a matter of convenience, to absorb the Fiji Islands than to have the trouble of corresponding with them as an independent power. In South Africa there are we know not how many States or Republics which assume to be independent. There is the Transvaal, or South African Republic, and the Orange River Free State, and we heard lately of one Theodor Doms, who, "with other Europeans," issued a declaration of war against the South African Republic on behalf of we cannot tell exactly whom. There are also Western Kaffraria and Natal, besides the original Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. These would be the elements of the Federation which has been lately recommended in the House of Commons, and probably that is the result to which South African politics are tending. Without impugning the justice of the award by which the diamond diggings have been declared to appertain to West Griqualand, we are nevertheless tolerably certain that by some means or other British authority would have been substituted in that district for the government of the Free State. Indeed, Sir Henry Barkly, in a despatch to Lord Kimberley of 18th December last has virtually admitted that this would have been so. He quotes a prediction from a Transvaal newspaper that the British Government "having done so much, will and must do more." And he proceeds to say that if the diamond discoveries should extend northwards as predicted, and the whole country up to the Maquassi River be occupied by British diggers, "it may indeed prove impossible to avert such a consummation." Undoubtedly if Sir Henry Barkly had not intervened, the diggers would have ejected the representative of President Brand, in spite of protests, and would have set up a government of their own. We do not know whether they would have called it the Diamondiferous Republic, nor whether they would have insisted on sending a representative with a diamondiferous wife to Downing Street and St. James'.

It is not the least embarrassment of colonial policy that we must either govern all these out of the way places or leave them to govern themselves, whereupon they speedily develop into presidents and prime ministers and plenipotentiaries, and proceed to correspond with our Foreign Office on equal terms. The phlegmatic Dutchmen of the Orange and Vaal Rivers care little probably for any pleasure except tobacco, but if adventurous Englishmen get into their country they may conceive a troublesome desire to distinguish themselves in politics. We therefore should feel favourably disposed to almost any scheme of federation which would combine all these Governments as early as possible in one; but the progress of South African civilization depends upon its wealth, and its commercial and agricultural activity. It begins to appear as if the diamond-digging had been overdone, but if the gold-fields lately discovered should prove productive, a fresh and more vigorous colonization would begin beyond the rivers, and the worthy Presidents of the two Republics would be reduced to a chronic condition of protest against interloping Britishers. We do not suppose that a railway will be made between Natal and the Orange Free State simply because, as Mr. R. Fowler says, there would be no tunnels and no steeper gradient than 1 in 32. But it is tolerably certain that at no distant time such a railway will be commenced, and English capital will doubtless eagerly demand to be invested in it. The proposal for federation will not perhaps be greatly advanced by Mr. Fowler's motion, but it is almost sure to be adopted. Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen indeed went so far as to declare that it would be for the advantage of both the Dutch Republics to be brought again under the jurisdiction from which they ought never to have gone away. The resolution to allow them to depart at least temporarily in peace was adopted both by Sir John Pakington and the Duke of Newcastle, so that both parties in politics may divide the honour or reproach of a supposed improvement in colonial policy, which is now confessed to have been a mistake. This appears to be the usual course of what some people call progress in political affairs. A step is taken with much applause which after twenty or thirty years has to be recalled. At the point of Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen's speech which we have now reached, a tribute to the interest which South African affairs excite in England was afforded by an attempt, which however was defeated, at a count-out. Members rushed into the House with as much alacrity as if it had been suddenly discovered to be diamondiferous, and, having rescued the debate from impending collapse, they rushed out again with even more alacrity, and doubtless resumed the task of "comparing" on next day's Derby, which we may hope proved diamondiferous to some of them. A speaker in the debate stated, that even bishops who disputed about the road to heaven agreed as to a railway to the gold-fields, so that this work will doubtless proceed. Advancing civilization will, we fear, either obliterate Presidents Brand and Erasmus and their Volksraads or drive them to establish Dutch Republics in some remote region where large game and even niggers may still be shot as in the good old time. No protest in any language will suffice to turn the locomotive engine from its iron path.

THE SALMON FISHERIES.

LOOKING to the scarcity of flesh meat, it is gratifying to hear that the salmon fisheries of England are in a prosperous condition. Much has been done in the last ten years, and much may still be done, to protect and increase the breed of salmon. Public attention has gradually awakened to the necessity of restraining the liberty which has for many years existed of pouring sewage and the refuse of mines and manufactories into our rivers. The Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries express the hope that even the Thames "may one day become a salmon river." They believe

that the Dovey is naturally one of the most promising salmon rivers in Wales, but unfortunately the fishing interests are very much impeded by the dirty water which comes out of the lead mines. The Dovey has of late been of a better colour than in former years, because some of the mines have ceased to work. Still, however, fish, and especially the smolts in the spring months, are killed every year in considerable quantities by the lead pollutions. The pools in the river are also becoming filled up by the rubbish from the mines. The Dovey runs quite clear on a Sunday when the mines are not at work, and the water comes down clear on Monday morning, so that fair angling can be obtained till the lead water comes down the river. The Dyliffy mines are the great offenders in this matter. The river which runs from these works down into the Dovey looks like a river of milk, and there is not a living thing in it. An offer was made to the proprietors of the Dyliffy mines of a large piece of bog land, for the purpose of filtering the water from the washings, but the offer was refused because it would entail a little expense. The Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries, in their recent Report, express the hope that the proprietors of the Dyliffy mines will reconsider their decision, and adopt some means of purifying the water.

We not only share this hope, but we further think that if an obvious duty is not voluntarily performed, compulsion ought to be applied. That which is now being done in the valley of the Thames ought to be done everywhere. Let the law say that noxious matters shall not be poured into rivers, and means will be found of disposing of them upon land. It is now some years since a Commission of Inquiry reported upon the condition of the rivers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The cloth manufacture, which was originally attracted to that district by the purity of the water, has rendered the water disgustingly impure. We are many of us familiar with the inky colour of the tepid streams of the Aire and Calder, which have been of late years required to carry, not only all the liquid refuse, but much also of the solid refuse of the district. It had become quite common to "tip" mining rubbish into these rivers, as if their capacity were inexhaustible. These abuses have lately risen to such a height as to compel reform. The water which comes naturally to these towns being polluted, other water must be conducted to them from a distance; and when the cost of fetching water exceeds the cost of removing the refuse of mills, it is probable that these rivers will be permitted to return to something like their original condition. This, indeed, is what is happening to the Thames. It is found more costly to poison water than to leave it pure, and so nature is allowed to operate in her own way. At this moment, however, the towns above London are only beginning the necessary arrangements. This Report promises that the sewage of Oxford "will shortly be kept out of the Thames." Mr. Buckland adds, that the state of the river upon which the members of the University take their daily pastime in rowing is perfectly horrible, and he wonders that the fathers of the undergraduates, "as representing the future strength and intellect of the country," do not take up the case and insist that the evil shall be abolished at once. This, however, is more easily said than done. The only practicable alternative to pouring sewage into a river is to spread it over land; but too frequently when the local authority looks for land for a sewage farm, it is met by strenuous opposition on the part of the landowners, who fight to the last against any proposal for selling their land for a public purpose at a high price. The Thames, however, is tolerably free from the greater nuisance of chemical works such as those on the Rhymney in South Wales. The owner of those works denies that anything deleterious goes into the river, but Mr. Buckland produces evidence of injury. "The caddis-worms, water-crickets, bull-heads, have all disappeared; even the ducks, snipes, and water-ousels are getting very scarce. Under these circumstances, it is natural that the fish should also suffer."

As regards the refuse of mines, it must surely be possible to do in Wales that which is compulsory in Germany. It is the duty of a Government Inspector in that country to satisfy himself that the water escapes perfectly clear. The consequence is, that the river which flows through Ems, receiving all the water from the dressing works at Holtzappel and other places, is absolutely full of fish. It is suggested that the "slime" which remains in catch-pits when clear water flows away may be made into bricks, and thus applied to useful purposes. A new enemy to salmon has appeared in the petroleum works which have lately been established in the valley of one of the best of our rivers, the Dee. Mr. Walpole, the colleague of Mr. Buckland, reports a case which went before the magistrates of this district, but both his facts and his law are slightly obscure. It appears that he inspected the Alyn, a tributary of the Dee, and found the smell and taste of tar distinctly perceptible in the water twenty miles below the nearest oil-work. A miller assured him that after floods fish were continually killed, and washed down from the river above. The state of things grew worse and worse as he ascended the river to a point near which two different works were situated. He found that the water below the lowest of these works was so poisonous that a minnow placed in it sickened immediately. But the water above these works was equally foul, and the foreman insisted that he could not be expected to send it on more pure than he received it. It became consequently necessary to proceed to the higher of the two works, and here a similar experiment was attended with similar results. The remainder of the fish which had been brought for experimental purposes were placed in water taken from above the works, and showed no signs whatever of discomfort or sickening. The case would have been clear against the upper works but for the further fact that "a colliery discharged its ochreous water into the river" near the same point, and "it was impracticable to distinguish between the mischief occasioned to the river by each of these workings." It seems to have been admitted that oil and coal together poisoned fish, but it was considered as not certain that oil alone or coal alone would have had this effect. But suppose that A. pours oil refuse into a river, and that it meets coal refuse poured in by B., and that the two combined poison fish, can it be said that A. or B. has poured in refuse "to such an extent as to cause the water to poison fish"? The magistrates, as we understand, considered that this could not be said, and therefore declined to convict. They seem to have required evidence that the oil refuse or the coal refuse was the sole cause of poisoning, which evidence from the situation of the works could not be produced. It appears to have been thought insufficient to offer evidence of the opinions of chemists or other persons as to the deleterious quality of oil refuse, and probably opinions might differ widely. We find that an owner of chemical works upon the Rhymney told Mr. Buckland that in his opinion sulphuric acid "acted as a tonic to the fish," and possibly the owner of the oil works upon the Alyn might have declared his belief that the refuse of them did the fish good, and almost enabled their constitutions to support the pernicious influence of the adjoining colliery. We can only say that, if the magistrates correctly understood the law, it needs amendment.

It is difficult to estimate the extent to which the productive power of our rivers might be developed by judicious measures of protection to the breed of salmon. One valuable characteristic of this species of food is that it conveys itself to the consumers, and perhaps improves during the journey. That favourite of economists, the pig, is sometimes with difficulty persuaded to move in the direction of a butcher's shop, and he is apt, moreover, to waste in travelling. But the salmon goes rejoicing and thriving on his way to make sport for the angler and food for the angler's friends. How that food may be largely increased in quantity appears from the statement that a grating has been lately fixed at the head of the Shropshire Union Canal, through which millions of salmon fry, produced in the Dee, formerly found their way to destruction. Each tiny individual thus preserved would be capable of growing, under favourable conditions, into a splendid fish, and that which has been done upon the Dee to ensure, however imperfectly, these conditions, has been done or will be done upon other rivers. The enactments for the protection of salmon fisheries require the intelligent co-operation of all classes of society for their enforcement. Cases of violent breach of these enactments by poachers are not uncommon, but the law which punishes such outrages is likely to be supported by public opinion, which is more than can be confidently asserted in reference to the poaching of four-footed game. The salmon does not feed upon the farmer; and the farmer, by help of rod or net, may feed on him. The construction of passes has been carried out sometimes under the inspection of Mr. Buckland and his colleague, and sometimes under the influence of indigenous zeal, which has a tendency to outrun discretion. Mr. Walpole is disposed to think that the work of opening streams is in some instances being carried on too rapidly. "To pass the fish into a country where there is no machinery for protecting them is obviously to throw temptation into the way of poor men which they may find it difficult to resist." If it were possible by means of School Boards or otherwise to teach poor men to allow salmon to grow to a good size before killing them, we should think that every fish-pass in the country would be an addition to its resources. The river is the poor man's park, and even in this crowded and high-priced country it is still possible at the end of a day's fishing to understand that "the bounty of nature" is not a mere poetical expression.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

IN the Academy romantic styles vastly preponderate over classic styles, and naturalistic treatment and præ-Raffaellite tendencies have of late years been greatly mitigated by sentiment and the sense of beauty. Romance in art is a natural offspring of romance in literature, and accordingly our exhibitions abound in pictures responsive to Shakspeare and other poets who have gained for England a foremost position in the romantic literature of Europe. The element of romance, whether in painting or in writing, it is not always easy to define. According to Schlegel, a critic addicted to startling paradox, the classic drama was subject to law and order, while the romantic drama reverted to chaos. It would seem nearer to our immediate purpose to point out that romance enters art whenever stringent fetters are unloosed and human nature is permitted to speak out freely and passionately. It may be deemed an interesting coincidence that an Academician whose collective works would not inaptly illustrate the meaning attached to the word "romantic" bears the name of an author identified with the birth of the romantic drama. Mr. Calderon, R.A., is, in fact, a descendant of Calderon the dramatist, whose works serve as a connecting link between the romantic literature of Southern and of Northern Europe, between the romantic drama of Spain and the romantic drama of England. As it happens, however, Mr. Calderon has not identified his art with the land of his ancestry; he has shown a preference for

Shakspeare, for Shelley, and even for Waller; and the last-named poet, who marks the descent of noble romance into weak sentimentality, furnishes him with a text for his principal picture of the year, "Summer" (219):—

> The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
> Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
> At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
> They make the fishes and the men their prize.

Flirtation in a boat, a lobster lunch on shore, a fish hooked by a charming young lady, are capital ingredients for picture-making. Moreover, the public seems to be charmed with a certain crudity of colour; the greens, the whites, and the browns arrest attention by contrasts which approach discord. The scene has the merit of being eminently festive; indeed the picture wins popularity rather by pleasing incidents than by subtle art-treatment. The best among the many boating parties to be found in this year's Exhibition is undoubtedly "Fair, quiet, and sweet Rest" (997), by Mr. Fildes, an artist hitherto chiefly known by book illustrations. The painter leads the fancy in the sunny summer time to a sylvan river where swans and lilies float; soft music steals upon the waters; a youth and maiden join voice and instrument while two listeners lend their spirits "to the influence of mild-minded melancholy." The river bark pauses on "the downward stream" in a pleasant place of bowering leaves, and the painter has been at great pains to bring as it were the foliage, the water, the boat, and its inmates into musical accord with the song. All art, and especially romantic art, is or should be rhythmical; Coleridge in lines on the "Eolian Harp" speaks of the "rhythm in all thought"—"a light in sound, a sound-like power in light." When light "palpitates" and colour pulsates, when forms melt and lines intermingle, then may it be said that a picture is rhythmical or musical. The actual results gained by Mr. Fildes are widely different from the effects obtained by Veronese; yet the principles involved, if not identical, are analogous, so true it is that Venetian modes of treatment are the clue to romantic styles. We are sorry to say that the praise we have bestowed on the picture of Mr. Fildes cannot be extended to "Pleasing Reflections" (1015), by Mr. Brooks. This painstaking and somewhat agreeable product is neither real nor ideal; it is merely commonplace. A fourth water-party we owe to Mr. Hennessy, an American who falls into Transatlantic colour at the season when trees wear the garb of autumn, and the landscape shimmers in Turneresque play of gold, red, and blue. "Summer Eve, Long Island Sound" (179), is in its treatment of colour akin to the manner which Mr. Cropsey some years since made familiar to English eyes. The work is brilliant, clever, and eccentric. It has been said that Americans, under the transmuting power of climate, are in course of assimilation in body and mind to the aboriginal inhabitants, and certainly American artists seem to bear out the notion by an uncouthness and savagery that pertain to barbarism rather than to civilization.

Colour has more than ever taken possession of our English painters—a colour which is not so much a reflection of nature as a response to emotion, a colour fanciful and decorative that holds fellowship with that spirit of romance which, as we have seen, asserts potent sway in the Academy. Mr. Walker, A.R.A., Mr. Mason, A.R.A., Mr. H. Hardy, and others are conspicuous examples of this tendency; their manner is abnormal, one-sided, and moody. Yet Mr. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge" (227) is after its kind a master-work. The scene is laid in a grass-grown quadrangle with chapel and almshouses around, and a statue of the founder in the centre. The time is evening; the inmates too have reached the evening of life; sunset fades in the saffron sky, broad shadows gather on the ground, and in this place of refuge and of rest poor aged pensioners sit quietly at ease or walk up and down at leisure. The only haste and energy is in a stalwart and remarkably ill-formed mower, whose awkward movement seems to endanger his own legs; "The man's scythe will cut off his leg" is a remark we have more than once heard. We do not know that the painter means to point an allegory, and yet this figure might suggest old Time with a scythe, or the "reaper whose name is death"; even as the grass and the flowers are cut down, so shall the aged and infirm be gathered to the last garner. Mr. Walker is almost the only water-colour painter who has thoroughly mastered oils; the handling, the texture and impasto, in firmness, solidity, yet transparency, leave little to desire. But the colouring, notwithstanding that it has been brought into absolute keeping, is too hot for ordinary tastes; the picture is as a highly seasoned dish over-dosed with curry-powder. If an antidote be wanted, it were well to turn to Mr. Leslie's deliciously cool "Elopement" (183); here we have silver instead of gold, and pearls instead of brickdust. Even the lady in this imminent elopement is cool as a cucumber; she sits on the river brink wistfully waiting for her lover, who comes to fetch her in a flat-bottomed boat. A background of ample walls, old gables, and clustering chimneys, with ancestral elms and clamorous rookery, suggests, not the penniless suitor, but a well-to-do country squire. Very exquisite is the pencilling of branches and leaves against the lucent sky of sunset; the reflections in the water take on the sombre tranquillity of twilight. Mr. Leslie is one of the comparatively few painters who can bring figures into absolute unity with the surrounding landscape; he depends for sentiment on tone, his unison permits no discord. In a different way Mr. Boughton—this year scarcely at his best—plays with monotones and yet escapes monotony. He composes a triptych which might be called an idyl of the birds. In "Spring-time" (579) the birds are coming and a maiden listens; the "summer is gone on swallows' wings," and two maidens mourn "The Flight of the Birds" (580); "thirdly and lastly," as preachers are wont to say, on "The Coming of Winter" the birds are dying. This pretty play on the changing seasons is possibly better suited to poetry than to painting. The colour, though somewhat sandy brown and black throughout, is not without response to the sentiment, and among several points to commend may be mentioned a careful study of foreground, apparently painted out-of-doors on the spot. Mr. Storey is another artist who deals in quiet concords, even when he approaches discords, as in "The Course of True Love never did run smooth" (400). The two girls, though of the dumpy sort, are not without grace, but the painter muddles their complexions; indeed, the technical qualities displayed are far from the clear, silvery tones which some years since, in "The Dancing Lesson," attracted favourable notice. The figure of most expression is that of the huffy lover, who trudges away in high dudgeon, resolute, yet irresolute; one leg lingers as if it would turn and relent, but the square back presses onward obstinate and determined. Mr. Storey has a nice insight into character; he looks at life with childlike simplicity; he sees nature clad in grey because he seeks quietude; grey is the garb of cool tranquillity, red and yellow the drapery of hot passion. Very charming is the child seated among "Little Buttercups" (331). The picture has the simplicity of "The Age of Innocence," by Reynolds.

Grey, like black, is accounted the negation of colour, and therefore perhaps it happens that in schools expressly of colour, such as the Venetian and the English, positive colours preponderate. The use of grey, indeed, is by certain of our painters—as, for example, by Messrs. Linnell, father and sons—accounted a surrender of power. Such artists forget that nothing is weaker than incoherent rant; when colour breaks into violence we are reminded of the words, "The loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind"; true strength lies in moderation. At all events, the blazing sunset (664) by Mr. Linnell, sen., appears to most eyes to be in excess of the modesty of nature. How intense colour may be brought into subjection and tone is sufficiently obvious in "The Harvest Moon" (125), by Mr. Mason, A.R.A. It may be objected that the artist's manner has been exalted into mannerism; it may be urged that in this moonlight pastoral the figures are shadowy, unsubstantial, and ghostly, the forms unpronounced, the limbs drawn with a knowledge which breaks down. It may be pleaded, however, in reply, that the painter at the outset makes an unconditional surrender to shadowy sentiment and poetic impossibility. Just as Claude may be supposed to have looked at nature through a Claude Lorraine glass, so may we imagine that Mr. Mason uses a Mason glass. At any rate the uninitiated public stand in need of some such optical medium or patent contrivance. But, the conditions once granted, the conclusion follows by what may be termed pictorial logic. A keynote is struck ecstatic as that of the nightingale, and then the artist plays his variations around the central theme. The composition, thoroughly Italian in its poetry and pathos, recalls strains which we have heard by peasants of the Abruzzi at Christmas-tide before images of the Madonna. This troop of harvest labourers, returning home at nightfall, are impelled passionately onwards. Only perhaps by long sojourn in Italy, by contact with a past which happily still lives in the present, can this poetic impossibility, this grand unreality, find place in modern art. "As You Like It" (489, 490, 491), a composition in three parts, displays to disadvantage that romance of colour and of sentiment, coupled with that infirmity in form, which constitutes the style of Mr. Arthur Hughes. The figures are crowded and confused; the design falls to pieces; the picture is without ground-plan; the painter, however, is never wanting in refinement and sense of beauty. A composition of something more than promise, by Miss Starr, from "The Merchant of Venice" (348), proves what by this time should be only too well known, that Shakspeare is at once the most easy and the most difficult of authors for a painter to deal with; easy because every character may be borrowed and appropriated from the theatre as if it were a stage property, and difficult because we have a right to expect from a picture more than from the stage; difficult also because Shakspeare, like nature herself, can seldom, if ever, receive full justice or adequate illustration. The scene between Portia and Bassanio, as painted by Miss Starr, is wanting in emphasis and nerve; the figures stand uncertainly, the colour falls into monotony; and these shortcomings are unexpected when we remember other pictures by this foremost female student of the Academy. The work of the ladies is this year disappointing. We should say, judging from oratorical displays at a recent suffrage meeting, that women are greater experts in the use of the tongue than of the brush. "Silvius and Phebe" (627), by Mr. Pettie, A.R.A., is more up to the mark than other Shakspearian pictures of the year; the characters are creatures of the woods and fields; Silvius looks lovesick and silly, while saucy Phebe is bewitchingly pert. But the artist is apt to repeat himself; painters who do not come to a standstill learn that in art, as in nature, there is never-ending variety in colour, form, and incident. The power of calling up new and original ideas is one of the rarest of gifts, whether in literature or art. Such faculty, if we mistake not, may be recognized in a self-sustained composition, "The Saxons' Tribute to King Edgar" (358), by Mr. H. Hardy. Noble figures, sportsmen of the olden time, bear tribute of wolves' heads; the dogs, eager for the booty, are equally good in form and action. The colour is not free from the anomalies of the new school. Certain pictures to which we have pointed are as woven tapestries

where opposing warp and woof vie for pre-eminence; the fabrics so abundantly imported from Japan make their influence felt within the Academy.

The problems in what may be termed the science of chromatics, now in process of being worked out in our Exhibitions, promise new developments to art. Of the old school, bold in creative faculty, and balanced in colour, Mr. Poole, R.A., remains as an immovable landmark. Elected Academician twelve years ago, he has postponed till now the gift of his diploma work. It is always interesting to observe what character a great painter may select when, after a long and arduous career, he makes his appeal to posterity. Mr. Poole has oscillated between tragedy and romance. "Solomon Eagles and the Plague of London" was as terrible as Poussin's "Plague of Athens;" on the contrary, "The Goths in the Garden of Italy," and "The Song of the Troubadours," were decorative and emotional. In presenting his diploma work, "Remorse" (309), he reverts to tragedy. The handling has that uncertainty which may be accounted the penalty of original bad drawing never got the better of. But the conception is even epic. It has been conjectured that this nude figure, almost colossal in proportions, which holds an intermediate place between Fuseli and Michael Angelo, may be intended for Cain, the murderer and the outcast. A lion devouring its prey, a child sleeping with dead doves, fill up the composition; mountains crowd round as if in witness, a stream rushing by roars reproach. "Remorse," the title which the picture bears, seems to be echoed from the surrounding hills. To assert that the artist has realized all the ideas which he may have suggested were indeed to bestow excess of praise on this vague vision, this muddled mystery. But, at all events, this creation of genius, when it shall finally join company with the diploma pictures of Hilton, of Etty, and of Fuseli, may serve as a connecting link in the continuous story of our English school. There is never an Exhibition of the Academy which does not comprise at least two generations of men; even our contemporary art has its chronology, for between venerable Academicians and rising Associates there is a great gulf fixed.

THE DERBY.

IT is a sign of the times that fifty-eight members should vote against the adjournment of the House of Commons for the Derby Day. The motion was inopportune, and deserved to fail; for, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, the adjournment is looked forward to by many who care a great deal about having a holiday, but nothing whatever about the Derby. The evident wish of the House is that its officers should not be deprived of one of their few customary holidays; on the narrower ground of suspending the business of the country for the sake of witnessing the Derby Mr. Hughes would obtain many more adherents, particularly as the claims of the Derby to rank as a great national festival rest more on past tradition than on present fact. Mr. Gladstone was right in pointing out the undesirableness of mixing up the question of holiday or no holiday with a discussion of the real or presumed abuses of the Turf; but in hinting that if the House decided to take cognizance of those abuses it should not confine itself to a barren protest—for the abolition of the holiday would be nothing more—he must have forgotten that his own Government has not only acknowledged the existence of those abuses, but so long as three years ago undertook to deal with the most glaring of them. Yet, though by a Bill of a single clause which would meet with no opposition in either House they might extend the Betting Houses Act to Scotland, they have never troubled themselves to accomplish even this simple and elementary instalment of Turf reform. But if the Legislature declines to take notice of Turf questions, the Executive, at any rate, might display a little more activity in the use of its authority on the Derby Day. One of the annual incidents of this noble and historic festival is thus described in the *Morning Post* of Thursday:—

> About ten o'clock the roadway again became filled with the homeward bound carriages, and owing to the reckless way in which some of these were driven, several persons were knocked down between the Horns and Newington Church, where the crowd was very great, the people being intermingled with the carriages. Some of the persons thus knocked down—chiefly lads and boys—were severely bruised, and were taken into different doctors' shops, where they were attended to. In the confusion that prevailed the police were unable to identify and take into custody any of the offending drivers by whose recklessness the injuries were inflicted. To add to the confusion, at various parts the roughs got up sham-fights for the purpose of plundering the persons foolish enough to look on, and from complaints made as to lost watches, purses, pins, &c., they must have reaped a good harvest. The police being fully occupied in attending to and regulating, as far as possible, the vehicular traffic, the numerous gangs of thieves were enabled to pursue their operations almost without any interference.

Yet in a leading article the *Morning Post* of the same date pronounces that "it may be safely said that of the myriads who thronged to Epsom yesterday, the enormous majority returned all the better for their excursion." So that it would appear there are still some people in existence who believe in "the fun of the road."

The Derby of 1872 was the first run over the new course, which commences at a very short distance indeed from the old course, but is much easier. The first part is still uphill, but the ascent is much less severe; and a still greater improvement is that there is a greater scope of ground at the start for marshalling a large field. There was abundant room for the twenty-three runners on Wednesday to stand abreast without unduly pressing on one another, and in consequence the starter had a very easy task, and the delay at the post did not occupy three minutes. It must be confessed that, according to general opinion, the moderate quality of the majority of the runners was so fully established that the decision of the race was awaited with unprecedented indifference. Prince Charlie was the centre of whatever interest was excited, and the questions whether he was a roarer, and, if so, whether any roarer, however splendid his capabilities, could win the Derby, were eagerly debated to the exclusion of all others. So high an authority as Dr. Shorthouse has lately argued at considerable length that Prince Charlie is not a roarer, and that the affection which causes him to make a noise is quite distinct from roaring, and is not calculated to prevent him from winning a long any more than a short race. But many other experienced judges did not hesitate to pronounce him a confirmed roarer; and, anyhow, whatever might be the truth about the technical name for the cause of the noise, there was no doubt about the noise itself. And it seems to a common-sense observer difficult to understand why, if a horse's respiratory organs are perfectly free and unimpeded, he should make a noise at all. Public opinion, rarely at fault in the main about these great races, had, we think, steadily settled down to a conviction that Prince Charlie was a roarer, but that he was so good a horse, so superior to all his opponents, and gifted with such speed—the more formidable on account of his enormous stride—that it was quite possible for him to win, despite his infirmity. But public opinion, as expressed in the usual manner, clearly pronounced that Prince Charlie would either win easily or be beaten easily. Hence Prince Charlie started first favourite, but no one would back him for a place. And public opinion was, so far, perfectly right. The next positions in public favour were deservedly held by Cremorne and Queen's Messenger; and, as between them, the fair questions for argument, according to their public running, were whether Cremorne would beat Queen's Messenger by his superior speed, or Queen's Messenger beat Cremorne by superior staying powers. Of course the public form of Cremorne was the better; yet it was urged that on more than one occasion he had run like a non-stayer, and that he lost the Two Thousand simply from inability to retain the advantage which, a hundred yards from home, had to all appearances placed the race at his mercy. Beyond these three, what where we to look for that had not been signally defeated by the leading favourites? According to all public form of this year, none of the Newmarket Biennial horses could be expected to get within lengths of Cremorne or Prince Charlie; nor could there be much hope for any, save Queen's Messenger, who finished behind the same pair in the Two Thousand. Then the casualties of training had disposed of candidates who might have been formidable—Onslow, Nuneham, and Bethnal Green; and for many a long year the search for an outsider has proved an unremunerative speculation. It was the general belief that the Derby would be very much a replica of the Two Thousand, Prince Charlie being a sort of reserved problem, as much of fear as of hope; and the result justified the belief, though the long-expected outsider did come at last, and ran so prominently as to split the second and third in the Two Thousand. We never remember to have seen so few people in the paddock as on last Wednesday—a significant circumstance, as showing the apathy with which this Derby was regarded by those who are usually most ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect the most notable horses of the year. All the twenty-three runners came into the paddock, but after walking about for a short time, Queen's Messenger and Patriarch were taken over to the foot of the hill near the starting-post. The rest were soon saddled, and walked about in the paddock till the time came for the preliminary canters. We may say that Prince Charlie and Cremorne looked, as at Newmarket, as well as their admirers could have wished, that Wenlock and Almoner were pictures of condition and good training, that Bertram's appearance attracted considerable commendation, that Drummond was short of work, and that The Druid, who promised at one time last year to come quite to the top of the tree, was all to pieces and wholly unfit to take part in a race like the Derby, and that very little notice was taken of the two outsiders, Marshal Bazaine and the Makeshift colt, whose names have been brought forward somewhat prominently during the last ten days. Nor did we hear a single person who had seen the Makeshift colt speak a word in his praise; on the contrary he was called clumsy and coarse-looking, and as unlike a Derby winner as well could be. In the preliminary canters none were more admired than Almoner and Wenlock. Prince Charlie, the most docile and best-tempered horse in training, moved easily over the ground, while Cremorne pulled hard at his jockey.

We need not give a complete catalogue of the twenty-three competitors, most of whom will be more in place in less important contests than the Derby. We may mention, however, that Ruffle and Patriarch were started to make the running for Almoner and Queen's Messenger respectively, but that they were wholly incompetent to fulfil their duties. They merely helped to get in the way, and Ruffle was also able to contribute to the inevitable scrimmage at Tattenham Corner, to the no small disadvantage of Bertram, Queen's Messenger, and the Makeshift colt. What little running was made during the first part of the race was done by Westland, an almost unknown son of Narbonne, and it struck us that the pace was slow for the first three-quarters of a mile. Wenlock and Cremorne were always near the front, and Prince

XUM

Charlie occupied a good position to the top of the hill. By many who saw how delicately he was ridden down the hill at Newmarket it was felt that this would, independently of his roaring, be the critical point of the race for him; and great anxiety was manifested to see his position and how he was going as they came round the corner into the straight. And, lo and behold! the hill or the roaring, or both put together, had done for Prince Charlie, and his stride and his speed were alike unable to bring him again near the front. At the moment they turned the corner, Cremorne, who had escaped the mischance that happened to Queen's Messenger, Bertram, and the Makeshift colt, rushed to the front and took the lead, which he never afterwards lost. Wenlock, who ran fast and well for a mile and a quarter, then gave way, and at the distance Cremorne seemed about to win in a canter, for Queen's Messenger—not at all the sort of horse to recover from a serious disappointment—had been fairly knocked out of his stride, and, though rapidly making up a good deal of lost ground, was galloping in a rather confused, sprawling style that forbade any hope of his catching the leader. Opposite the Stand the Makeshift colt, who had been comparatively unnoticed, his colours not being very conspicuous, challenged Cremorne, and a hard and punishing struggle ensued, which ended in favour of Cremorne, who was fast tiring, by a short head only. Ten yards more, and the outsider would have won. Three lengths off Queen's Messenger, who was eased when victory was plainly out of his reach, was third. Wenlock was a moderate fourth, Bertram fifth, and the remainder were widely scattered. Prince Charlie was of course not persevered with after a single call on so generous but unfortunate a horse had been responded to gamely but ineffectually. The winner ran straight and gamely, but he would unquestionably have won with far greater ease had the course been two hundred yards shorter. As it was, he was within an ace of repeating his Two Thousand failure, and losing the Derby by failing to maintain the signal advantage he had gained. His splendid speed is sure to bring him to the front just when to come to the front is, for a real stayer, to achieve certain victory; but then, in the final run in, he goes slower every stride instead of faster, and comes back to his horses instead of going further away from them. It was so in the Two Thousand, and it was so in the Derby; and in the Derby, be it remembered, his opponent at the finish was a raw green colt who had never seen a race-course before, and who in this his first race had met with a serious disappointment. The victory was well earned, and highly popular; but it will hardly be sufficient to hand Cremorne down to posterity as a real good stayer. Neither Cremorne nor the Makeshift colt is in the Leger, and the way is so far made plain for Queen's Messenger, who will also be suited by the course; but the first and second in the Derby have a chance of meeting in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, though Cremorne will have to carry 10 lbs. extra for his Epsom victory.

REVIEWS.

HOOK'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER.*

THE volume which Dean Hook now gives us contains, like the one which went before it, a single Life, but a Life of great moment in the series which he has undertaken. The last volume contained the Life of Reginald Pole; the present contains the Life of Matthew Parker. Parker, as Dr. Hook several times tells us, was not a great man, but he held a great position in a most important time, and his personal character was certainly not without influence on the course of events. It was in his time, and in a large degree by his means, that the Church of England finally put on its present shape. He and the mistress whom he served embody, more than any other persons, the position which that Church finally took up at the end of a period of endless shiftings to and fro. If "the Reformation" happened at any particular time, it certainly was under the reign of Elizabeth and under the primacy of Parker that it did happen. The first Primate of All England appointed after the final throwing off the authority of the see of Rome, the first who was consecrated according to a reformed ritual in the English tongue, Parker eminently represents the new state of things which was then finally established. But he no less eminently represents the continuity of that new state of things with the old. The *congé d'élire* under which Parker was elected Archbishop is a very speaking document. It does not contain a word to imply that any great revolution was going on, still less that any old Church was being pulled down or any new Church set up. Everything bears the stamp of antiquity. The Queen issues the documents by virtue of her "fundatorial" powers, powers which we may conceive at pleasure as being derived from Æthelberht or from her own father, but which at all events were possessed and exercised by Mary in the case of Pole, just as much as by Elizabeth in the case of Parker. It sets forth that the metropolitan church of Canterbury, "by the natural death of the most reverend father and lord in Christ, the Lord Reginald Pole, Cardinal, the last Archbishop thereof, is now vacant and destitute of the solace of a pastor," and the Dean and Chapter are required to "elect such a person Archbishop and pastor who may be devoted to God and useful and faithful to us and our kingdom." Of course it is easy to say that all this is mere legal formality, in no way representing the real state of the case. The *congé d'élire* does not bring out the fact that there was anything unusual about the circumstances of Parker's election, though they undoubtedly were very unusual. But the point is that, though the circumstances were unusual, they still were not such as involved any change in the usual form of such a document. And this was in itself something. The fact that Parker was not, in the eyes of any one concerned, appointed to any new office in any new Church, but was simply chosen in regular order to fill a vacant office in the existing Church—that Pole was still, after the breach with Rome, described as "the most reverend father and lord, the Lord Reginald Pole, Cardinal," and that the church of Canterbury was said to be by his natural death "vacant and destitute of the solace of a pastor"—is the legal expression of the legal and historical continuity of the new state of things with the old. We may even conceive that the document was studiously so drawn up that it might in the clearest way express that continuity. And all this belongs strictly to the domain of history and law, and does not trench at all on the domain of theology proper. The purely theological question is, Did the consecration of Parker or of any other Bishop endow him with real spiritual powers which, without such consecration, he could not have possessed? Was it of any real importance to men's souls that an order of men so consecrated should be kept up? With questions like these history proper does not meddle at all. It does not even search very minutely into the personal belief of Archbishop Parker, or of Queen Elizabeth, on such points. But history is concerned with the facts that, whatever were their exact views as to the nature of the episcopal succession, whether they did or did not think it necessary for the existence of a Church, they at least thought it desirable for the good order of a Church, and they acted in such a way as to make, not the greatest but the least, breach possible between the new state of things and the old. We may be pretty sure that, whatever the Queen thought in her own mind, her prelates and statesmen did not look on what divines call the "Apostolic Succession" as something absolutely essential to the being of a Christian community. The position which they took up with regard to the Reformed Churches on the Continent, the occasional admission of men who had had only Presbyterian ordination to offices in the English Church, makes this pretty plain. At the same time, men who insist on this point sometimes forget that it is possible to hold as high a view as any one likes of the Christian ministry, and yet to hold that the office may be conferred by Presbyters as well as by Bishops. Exalted views about the priesthood and a belief in the sole ordaining power of Bishops do commonly go together, but they are in no way logically tied together. But what really concerns us in the matter is that those who ordered things in Elizabeth's reign at least did not look on the rites of consecration and ordination as superstitious and ungodly, and that they thought it worth taking a good deal of pains to preserve, in fact and in form, the unbroken succession between the new state of the Church and the old. These are facts; the question whether they did rightly or wisely in so doing is quite another matter, and a matter which we gladly leave to theologians. The question of the spiritual succession is for them; it is the outward succession, the outward continuity between the Church before Parker and the Church after him, which is a matter of law and history, and with which alone we have to deal. It is not always easy to steer clear of theological quicksands on one side or the other. The strictly impartial historian, who simply sticks to the historical facts, is liable to be assaulted on both sides. In acknowledging the historical fact he may possibly offend those who attach spiritual importance to it, because, while going so far along with them, he declines to go further. On the other hand, it is equally likely that he may offend those who are so fiercely set against the theological doctrine that they will hardly endure the historical fact, and are stirred up to wrath at its statement, as if it involved the theological position which they dislike.

We say all this, because of the exact degree to which, in considering the present volume and the time with which it deals, we can keep company with Dr. Hook. Our facts and his are pretty much the same; but we look at them from somewhat different points of view. What to him is of importance theologically is to us of importance historically. It is of great importance to Dr. Hook to show that the consecration of Matthew Parker was a good and valid consecration. The fact one way or the other does to him make a real difference in the theological position of the English Church. The old dispute about Parker's consecration really involves three questions. First, Was there any regular ceremony of consecration at all, in opposition to the Nag's Head story? This is purely a question of fact. Secondly, Was the ceremony which actually took place such as to be a valid consecration of a Bishop? This is a question of Canon Law. With both these the historian is concerned; with the former in a greater, with the latter in a lesser, degree. But beyond both lies the further question whether it really mattered to Parker or anybody else whether he was validly consecrated or not. This is a question of pure theology with which the historian does not meddle. History can look quite calmly on those who hold that, however regular the consecration may otherwise have been, yet, as being done without reference to the centre of unity at Rome, it must have been of no spiritual validity. It can look equally calmly on those who are so indignant at the notion of any spiritual validity at all as hardly to put up with the facts which may be con-

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Volume IX. Reformation Period. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

strued as implying a regard for it. And it can look as calmly on those who believe that the spiritual position of the English Church, or of any of its members, depends in some way on the fact or on the canonical validity of the consecration of Parker. Yet, of the three classes, it has in the present matter the greatest degree of sympathy with the third, simply because they are the class which has least interest in perverting the facts of history. Dr. Hook in the present volume repeatedly tells us that the object of Elizabeth and Parker was not to establish a Protestant sect, but to reform the old Catholic Church of England. To Dr. Hook this position is of strictly theological importance. From our point of view we pass over the strictly theological bearing of the position as not coming within our range. But the historical facts implied in the position we fully accept. Nothing can be plainer than that it was the object of Elizabeth and Parker to preserve a legal and corporate continuity between the unreformed and the reformed Church of England. And we hold that Dr. Hook does a real service, not only to his own school of theology, but to the actual facts of history, by bringing this truth prominently forward. So again, with regard to another point, closely connected or rather in truth identical with this one, we hold that Dr. Hook does good service by pointing out, though here again he stops to point it out a little too often, that England was not, during the period which we call the Reformation, divided into two parties by a hard and fast line. The real state of the case will never be understood unless we take in the fact that for a long time the spiritual forefathers of the later Roman Catholics and of the later Protestant Dissenters were simply two parties within the one national Church, who severally held that reform had gone too far and that reform had not gone far enough. We do not always admire Dr. Hook's vocabulary of party-names; abstractedly the name of "Anglo-Catholics" is in our eyes even worse than "Anglo-Saxons"; for "Anglo-Saxon" is a perfectly good word if it is only used in its right meaning, while "Anglo-Catholic" seems to us to have no meaning at all. All that is to be said for it is that it follows the analogy of "Roman Catholic," and that since the early days of the Tractarian movement it has passed into vogue. We are still more puzzled when Dr. Hook, if we rightly understand him, sometimes applies the name "Protestant" in a special way to those whom elsewhere he calls "Anglo-Catholics." But, notwithstanding all this, Dr. Hook does a real service to historic truth by bringing out the true position of those who, at Elizabeth's accession, must have formed the great mass of Englishmen. Cecil undoubtedly went to mass during Mary's reign; we conceive that Parker himself, as he stayed in England, must have done so also. Were they hypocrites, taking part, to save their lives or their goods, in a worship which they looked on as sinful and idolatrous? We see no necessity for thinking so. On Dr. Hook's showing, they would of course have wished to change the mass for an English service altered in many respects, but their feeling against the mass need not have been stronger than that which strong High Churchmen and strong Low Churchmen feel nowadays towards the doings of one another. That is to say, the dislike to the mass did not go so far as to oblige them formally to secede from the religious body in which the mass was practised. We have in earlier articles spoken of the apparent inconsistency of those who went a long way in the path of change under Henry and Edward and then drew back under Elizabeth. But it is plain that their scruples were hardly expected by Elizabeth herself. When she offered the primacy to her sister's minister Wotton, when it could even be believed that she offered it to Abbot Feckenham, it is plain that she hoped to carry with her what we may call the party of Thirlby and Tunstall. Of course the gap kept constantly widening. The enemies of change kept going back, the friends of change kept going onwards, till, long before Elizabeth's reign was over, there was a hard and fast line between Papists and Protestants, or whatever we are to call them. When the Pope excommunicated the Queen of England, when Romish zealots advocated her murder as an act of religious duty, the breach was complete. The point to be borne in mind is that no such hard and fast line can be drawn at Elizabeth's accession.

In another notice we hope to look at some of the events of Parker's life more in detail. At present we will only add that, while again declining to commit ourselves one way or another on the question of pure theology, we regard Dr. Hook's general position as one which history will very gladly accept.

CREASY'S COLONIAL CONSTITUTIONS OF THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.*

WE quite agree with Sir Edward Creasy that an increase of knowledge and interest on the part of Englishmen as to the great mass of colonies and dependencies which make up the British Empire is greatly to be desired, but we doubt very much whether this desirable knowledge will be imparted or this interest created by such a book as he has given us. A dry and jejune account of the history of each colony, followed by pages of statistics of the boiled-down blue-book order as to the constitutional position and the relation of each to the Government at home, however creditable it may be to the industry of the author, is singularly tantalising to the world at large. The book is hardly minute enough for a book of reference, and as a book of general information it is simply unreadable. Its one merit lies in its excellent maps. There is no kind of philosophical power nor any of those literary graces which sometimes atone for the absence of it; the style is bare and lifeless, and the reflections are utterly commonplace. Of the curious problems which our colonial history may be said to have solved, or of the even more curious problems which it is just beginning to work out, we hear hardly a word. The great movement for colonial federation (to take a single instance) is perhaps the most interesting of all the questions which at present concern the welfare of our dependencies; but if some account is given of its progress in North America, we are treated simply to a casual reference to it in the case of the West Indian islands, while the most important of its developments, the proposals which have emanated from Victoria for a general union of the Australasian colonies, are left, so far as we can see, without any mention at all. We are afraid that a statistical gazetteer of this sort is hardly likely to dispel the apathy with which Englishmen endure, and only just endure, the discussion of colonial questions. It is very well to urge the magnitude of the interests involved, and to appeal to our national pride in an Empire on which the sun never sets. Mr. Martin is no doubt right in telling us that "the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain embrace about one-third of the surface of the globe, and nearly one-fourth of its population"; but a debate on colonial topics passes unread even by the most constant reader. There is something, no doubt, which ought to startle and excite even a middle-aged member of Parliament in the statement that the Queen has more Mahommedan subjects than the Sultan, that she is the greatest Brahminical sovereign in the world, and that she ranks next to the Emperor of China as a Buddhist ruler. But all the eloquence of Mr. Grant Duff has not yet succeeded in preventing India from acting as a dinner-bell on the House of Commons. The results of this absolute indifference of public opinion are provoking enough. It is no slight evil that the colonists themselves resent and are estranged by it from the mother-country. It is a yet worse evil that the absence of real information leaves the public ear open to the maunderings of *Ginx's Baby* and of the laureates and social philosophers who propose to sweep away colonial independence by way of finding a clear field for the street Arabs and broken down crossing-sweepers of "imperial" England. But perhaps the greatest mischief of all lies in the loss of political intelligence which must spring from the steady refusal of English thinkers to contemplate the working and issue of some of the most remarkable political experiments which the world has ever seen.

The first and most prominent of these is, of course, the introduction of responsible institutions into the colonies themselves. We are so accustomed at home to the steady working of constitutional government, so used to see Tories go out and Whigs come in, that we are apt to forget how delicate a process it has always proved to transplant the institutions with which we are so familiar into other soil than our own. Political speculators, on the other hand, have been apt to regard such a transfer as almost impossible, to plead that the political condition of a country must grow slowly out of its social circumstances, to denounce Parliamentary institutions as unfit for a purely democratic society, and to sneer at "paper constitutions." Now whatever force there may be in this sort of reasoning, whether in the case of Burke or De Tocqueville, it is quite certain that our colonies possess "paper constitutions," that the institutions of England have been transferred, apparently without much damage, into the midst of absolutely democratic societies, and that these institutions have taken fair root, and are working satisfactorily. No doubt they have been modified in the transfer, and will be yet more modified as time goes on; but this of itself throws light on a question often discussed, whether political institutions can bear artificial modification at all, while the character or tendency of the changes which the new conditions have produced furnishes an endless field of political speculation. The introduction of representative institutions is all the more remarkable as an experiment from its having been a deliberate one, not a concession extorted from the mother-country by pressure on the part of its offshoots, but a voluntary gift made on the distinct grounds of justice and expediency. If not the most notorious, it may probably turn out to have been the most important, result, so far as the after-history of the world is concerned, of the Reform Bill of 1832. From the revolt of America up to that time, the tendency of our colonial administration had been in the opposite direction. The old independence of the "plantations" was rudely contested. Not only was the dominion of the Crown absolute in colonies acquired by conquest or cession, but in the so-called free colonies the older self-government was reduced to little more than a form by the influence of the Governors over their nominated Councils, by the power which the Colonial Office exercised of disallowing all Acts which met with its disapproval, by the practice of dealing with public lands as subject directly to the Crown, and by the reservation of colonial appointments as a part of English Ministerial patronage. The system was partly undermined by the abandonment in some measure of this monopoly of office, and by the new commercial policy of the mother-country, before the great change which swept almost the whole of it away; but the words of Lord Durham, when introducing responsible government into the Canadas, imply a revolution in our political ideas on the whole subject. "If in the hidden decrees of that wisdom by which the world is ruled it is written that these countries are not for ever to remain portions of the

* *The Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire, including Indian Institutions.* By Sir Edward Creasy, M.A., Author of "The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution," "The History of England," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Empire, we owe to our honour that when they separate from us they should not be the only countries on the American continent in which the Anglo-Saxon race shall be found unfit to govern itself."

When Burke distinguished "the Constitution of the British Empire from the Constitution of Britain," the first was a far simpler matter than it is now. Over the whole of its vast colonial dominion the Imperial Parliament is supreme, but the supremacy is exerted in very different ways and in very different degrees as it passes from one colony to another. Without dwelling on the exceptional instance of the Channel Islands, or on military posts such as Aden or Gibraltar, we have "Crown colonies" like the Straits Settlements or those of the African seaboard, where legislation and administration are absolutely in the hands of the Government at home; colonies like Ceylon, where this purely Crown rule is tempered by the retention of the Roman-Dutch law of previous conquerors; colonies like the Mauritius, where a consultative, but non-official, Council is chosen by the Government itself; or like Natal, where the Council is still consultative, but elected by the colonists; colonies like that of the Cape, possessing representative institutions, but not responsible government; or, finally, like Canada or the bulk of the Australian colonies, in full possession of both. Almost every shade of constitutional life is to be found in the group of British dependencies, and with each shade comes a difference of relation towards the mother-country. It is difficult in some instances to see on what principle the constitutional character of our various possessions is determined; why, for instance, Trinidad remains purely a Crown colony, while most of its fellow-islands possess representative institutions. Still, however much colonies may differ from one another, the connexion with the mother-country binds the whole group together. It is perhaps a proof of the future which is reserved for the principle of federalism, that the tendency of our colonies just now appears to be in favour of a federal relation both towards the mother-country and amongst themselves. The grant of representative institutions, the establishment of responsible government, the possession of full legislative power over internal affairs, commercial independence—such are the gradual steps by which Canada or Victoria has risen from the condition of the bailiwicks of Bern to that of the Canton itself. In yielding to the colonies the control over the military force raised within their bounds England is exactly reversing the process which the revisers of the Swiss Constitution attempted the other day. But in spite of the common talk on the subject, the freest English colony is no more independent than a Swiss Canton was after the Treaty of Vienna. The central Power reserves to itself the right of peace and war, it conducts all diplomatic transactions, it reserves to its Courts the ultimate appeal from those of its dependencies. The supremacy of its Legislature, although cautiously exercised, is still undoubted; it nominates in every case the Governor of the colony, and through him appoints to colonial offices, and exercises control over colonial legislation. Finally, it reserves to itself the right of annulling all Acts of the colonial Legislature which seem prejudicial either to the well-being of the colony or of the Empire at large. It is plain that, with a control so extensive as this, our colonies can hardly be regarded as the independent Republics which careless politicians are in the habit of styling them. But their relation to each other is tending to become as federal in character as their relation to the mother-country. Antigua is taking the lead in a federation of the Leeward Isles; the process of union is being slowly carried on in Canada; it is the obvious future of the Australian colonies. To the political student nothing can be more interesting than to watch the manner in which this double federation is being brought about, and the way in which the newer relation must of necessity modify the old. But for the statesman, whether of the mother-country or the colonies, we can hardly conceive a process of more delicacy and difficulty.

From all purely colonial problems such as these India stands apart. It is in fact not a colony, but a dependency. Of its one hundred and fifty millions of subject inhabitants, only one hundred and thirty thousand belong to the conquering race. Of these, again, one-half are soldiers governed by military law, and the bulk of the other half are officials controlled by the regulations of the service to which they belong. It is only in the sense, therefore, of an administrative machinery that we can talk of a "Constitution" in the case of India. But, viewed in this way, it is worth far more attentive study than English political speculators have as yet devoted to it. The administration of India is necessarily despotic, but it is a despotism tempered by checks which arise naturally from local circumstances, but which could hardly exist elsewhere. No such trust has ever been confided to a single man as is confided to the Governor-General. He governs, in fact, at his will a country as large and a population as great as that of all Europe with the exception of Russia. But he governs it under the control and supervision of the Parliament at home, in strict responsibility therefore to a Power which, though too ignorant of India and too remote to fetter his action on points of detail, prescribes his main lines of policy, and holds him sternly accountable for the justice and wisdom of his rule. Not only, however, is this home control exercised by a Secretary of State under the advice of a Council composed of retired Indian officials, but in India itself the Governor-General is expected to act in general accordance with the counsels of a Cabinet of Ministers appointed, not by himself, but by the Government at home. He may, and on occasion does, override the opinion of these Ministers; but by one of the most noteworthy peculiarities of this pro-consular system, he is bound to ask their opinion and to see it placed elaborately on record should any difference arise. Nor is this all. He governs through a service highly organized and with definite political traditions and associations of its own, each member of which is accustomed and encouraged to place his own opinion and its grounds before his official superiors, even when yielding to their will. It is in this singular combination of "government by reason," with the most absolute independence of action in case of necessity, that the position of the Governor-General is so unique. It is in supplying us with new administrative and constitutional forms such as these that the study of dependencies and colonies is of political utility. We should have been glad if Sir Edward Creasy had discussed even one of the many problems which the facts he has collected so vividly suggest.

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE FLESHLY POETS.*

SOME months ago an article on what was called the "Fleshly School of Poets" appeared in one of the magazines. It purported to be written by "Thomas Maitland," a name previously unknown to literature, and handled very severely the poetical compositions of Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne. It was afterwards discovered that "Thomas Maitland" was in reality Mr. Robert Buchanan, and Mr. Rossetti and his friends protested indignantly against the unfairness of one writer of poetry disguising himself, like a bravo in slouched beaver and muffled cloak, in order to attack his more successful rivals, and indirectly, if not directly, to praise himself. For "Thomas Maitland" referred to Mr. Buchanan by name, and accused Mr. Rossetti of borrowing ideas from his verses. The controversy sputtered hotly for a week or two and then went out. The personal question at issue seems to us to be a very small one, and it is a pity it should not be forgotten. But as Mr. Buchanan has thought it worth while to trouble the public with it once more, and as he seems to be still unable to comprehend his own or his editor's error in the matter, we will say just one word about it. Mr. Buchanan explains that the *alias* was affixed to the essay "in order that the criticism might rest upon its own merits, and gain nothing from the name of the real writer." The answer to this is, we think, that under the circumstances the article would not have gained by the name of the writer being frankly avowed. In the form in which it was published it professed to be a candid estimate of a particular school of poetry by an independent and impartial writer. If it had been known that it was in reality one poet decrying the works of his rivals in business, its impartiality would at once have been suspected. We are speaking now, of course, of the effect of the article on what is called "the general reader," who is not supposed to be in a position to weigh criticism to much purpose for himself, and who, coming across a critic whom he believes to be unprejudiced and disinterested, is disposed to accept his judgment accordingly, but who would be put on his guard if he knew that there was, or might be, a professional animus lurking under the affectation of judicial candour. In the old romances we occasionally read of a knight of tremendous prowess and overpowering reputation, who found it necessary, in order not to alarm antagonists too much, to enter the lists with closed vizor and borrowed shield; but Mr. Buchanan is hardly a combatant of this description. There is no reason to suppose that his name carries with it an oracular authority which would be fatal to the free exercise of private judgment; and, on the other hand, it is conceivable that the general reader would appreciate the necessity of examining his *dicta* more cautiously when aware of the peculiar relations of the critic to the objects of his criticism. At the same time, as we said before, the question is really a very small one; and it might have been more dignified on the part of Mr. Rossetti and his admirers to deal with Mr. Buchanan's essay on its merits, if they thought it worth while to take notice of it at all. But it is characteristic of a sect or coterie to resent criticism as in itself an outrage, and to assume, with or without reason, that it can only spring from personal malevolence.

There is a good deal to be said about the unwholesomeness not only of Mr. Rossetti's and Mr. Swinburne's poetry, but of the atmosphere of mutual admiration in which they and their associates appear to live and move and have their being, and which is destructive, not only of healthy vigour, but of some of the best impulses of art. But, apart from the question of Mr. Buchanan's good taste in putting himself forward as *advocatus diaboli*, it may be doubted whether he has shown himself capable of doing justice to his case. He has now republished his essay in a revised and expanded form; but, unfortunately, the flippancy, the arrogance, and the distemper of the original article still remain. The impression with which one rises from the perusal of this pamphlet is that the writer must be suffering from a morbidly quick and sensitive perception of unsavoury suggestions. He seems to be continually sniffing for nastiness, and sometimes we cannot help thinking that his imagination detects odours which no one else would perceive. Mr. Buchanan would appear not to have cultivated with much success the poet's faculty of looking at the best and purest side of things. He begins by telling us how, coming up to town from a remote retreat in the Highlands, he looked about to see "all that a man with eyes can see." What

* *The Fleshly School of Poetry, and other Phenomena of the Day.* By Robert Buchanan. London: Strahan & Co.

had most impressed him in former years were such things as these:—"The fatuous imbecility and superficiality of the moneyed vulgar," "the shapeless ugliness of women who feed high and take no exercise," and so on. But now he is fascinated by a horrid thing which threatens and paralyses him. He sees it on every side—in the street, on the stage, in books, on canvas. It is, he goes on to tell us, Legs. There is a well-known form of disease in which the patient is pursued by beetles or snakes, or other nasty things, always swarming before his eyes, on the floor, the walls, the roof. Mr. Buchanan is haunted by legs. He has sought refuge, it would seem, in sweet-stuff shops as the most innocent places he could think of; but even there, in defiance of the *debetur pueris*, "among the commoner sorts of confectionery may be seen this year models of the female leg, the whole"—but here Mr. Buchanan goes into details which we prefer to leave in his own pages. There is, he allows, nothing to be said against legs in themselves and in their proper sphere, but he protests against their being "obtruded into every concern of life," and he objects especially to legs in sugar. It is only in "the higher circles" that Mr. Buchanan escapes from this distressing exhibition; but still his uneasy modesty finds no relief; for although he sees no legs in the drawing-room he is confronted with other sights which make him long to borrow Tartuffe's handkerchief. We are not prepared to defend all the eccentricities of what ladies call full dress, and it is impossible to deny that an unpleasant taint of sensualism is observable in various branches of literature and art. But we certainly pity the state of mind of any one whose modesty is outraged every time he goes to an evening party, and who is put to the blush by the voluptuous images of children's sweet-stuff. We are surprised that Mr. Buchanan does not see that in making these confessions he exposes himself to an obvious retort from Mr. Rossetti and his friends. To the pure in spirit all things are pure, but Mr. Buchanan's purity is of that uncomfortable kind which is constantly detecting unclean and lascivious suggestions in the most unlikely quarters.

Mr. Buchanan intimates that he at one time thought of treating the Leg-disease in its relation to painting, music, literature, the theatre, and society at large; but he reserves this great work for a future occasion. For the present he is content to deal with sensualism only in so far as it affects contemporary poetry. On reflection Mr. Buchanan may perhaps be disposed to postpone indefinitely the publication of his *magnum opus*. If we may judge from the present example, it may be doubted whether his mode of treatment is not on the whole rather worse than the disease to which it is applied. We have heard of a well-known prelate delivering a sermon on the weaknesses of the flesh for the edification of a militia regiment, which from its suggestive warmth of tone produced an effect the very reverse of that intended. We are afraid Mr. Buchanan has fallen into a similar error. He has no difficulty in showing that there is a great deal of wanton nastiness in Mr. Swinburne's early poems, and that Mr. Rossetti's writings also contain passages of a highly offensive kind. It has been suggested that Mr. Swinburne has been overwhelmed with moral reprobation on account of his free-love heresies, while Mr. Rossetti conciliates conventional propriety by confining himself to nuptial confidences, and practising his erotic pranks under a certificate from Doctors' Commons. For our own part we think the old-fashioned notions are the best, and that there are some subjects which poets and artists had better let alone, or which, at least, they are justified in touching only when they have a distinct and important moral purpose in view, and not mere dalliance and sport. Honest plainspeaking is an excellent thing in its way, and possibly the world might be better for a little more of it. But honest plainness of speech is not the characteristic of the Fleshly School, any more than simple straightforwardness of thought. It is their sickly self-consciousness, their emasculated delight in brooding over and toying with matters which healthy, manly men put out of their thoughts, not by an effort, but unconsciously, by a natural and wholesome instinct—it is, in short, their utter unmanliness which is at once so disgusting, and, so far as they exercise any influence, so mischievous. And on the whole we are not sure that Mr. Rossetti's poetry is not more mischievous in its way than Mr. Swinburne's. In the latter there is at times a fitful breeziness from out-of-doors, while with Mr. Rossetti the shutters seem to be always closed, the blinds down, there are candles for sunshine, and the atmosphere is of a close heavy kind that reminds one alternately of the sick-room and the conservatory, so that one longs, even in the midst of genuine admiration for so much artistic subtlety, to fling open a window and let in some honest daylight and some good fresh air. At the same time, while there is, as we think, much that is unhealthy in the author of the "Blessed Damozel" as well as in the author of "Dolores" and "Anactorea," the most objectionable of their writings necessarily appear far worse when carefully extracted and served up by themselves, as in Mr. Buchanan's pamphlet, than in their original form. A reader who was not sharply on the look-out for such things might pass over not a few of them in a book without detecting the evil meanings which Mr. Buchanan has exerted himself to make quite plain; while other passages of which probably no one could mistake the purport look even more repulsive when detached from the context. In some of the expurgated editions of the classics the naughty passages used to be collected into supplements, where any one with a taste that way could find them at once without the trouble of searching for them; and Mr. Buchanan's *brochure* is a handy catalogue of a similar kind. We certainly cannot recommend it for general perusal. Even Baudelaire, we should imagine, must be less harmful in the original than when his foulness is condensed, pointed, italicized, and generally elucidated by Mr. Buchanan's prurient ingenuity. There is much autobiographical matter in the pamphlet which can hardly be said to have any present value. Some day perhaps it may be interesting to the world to know that Mr. Buchanan relishes Walt Whitman, that he "beguiles many an hour, when snug at anchor in some lovely Highland loch," with Paul de Kock, and that generally he is well up in salacious literature, and not at all a purist. To some there may seem to be an inconsistency in any one who enjoys Walt Whitman being shocked by Mr. Rossetti, and put to the blush by the latest fashion in lollipops whenever he enters a confectioner's shop. There is unhappily a spreading taint of sensualism, which may be traced in various directions at the present moment, but it may be seriously doubted whether such productions as this pamphlet are not calculated rather to minister to than to check it.

LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.*

(*Second Notice.*)

LORD MACAULAY was once indignant, and not unjustly, with an editor who, in publishing an edition of his speeches, made him talk about "the Pandects of the Benares." Mr. Merivale does not need to be informed what sort of a thing a Pundit is, and where Benares is situated. But there are misnomers and misprints, as well as inexcusable errors, in the two volumes before us, especially in the second, for which the editor, by his own admission, must be held mainly responsible. It is no answer to urge that Indian terms are strange, and that Oriental spelling is capricious. We shall give a few examples to justify these strictures. At page 120 it is stated that Lord Dalhousie was forty-two years of age when appointed to the office of Governor-General. The truth is, he was barely thirty-six, having been born in 1812, and nominated in 1847. In November 1852 Sir H. Lawrence is represented as writing to congratulate the late Lord Hardinge, then in England, on his promotion to a viscountcy. The fact is that the title was conferred in 1846, after the first Sikh war, as may be seen in any contemporary history, or in Burke. The congratulations probably referred to the succession of Lord Hardinge to the office of Commander-in-Chief, vacated by the death of the Duke of Wellington in September 1852. Kerowlie, a chiefship in Rajpootana is in one place obviously meant for the hill-station of Kussowlie. Malikari is put for Motiharee, or Chumparun. The grandson of Runjeet Sing was Nao Nihal, and not Rao Nihal Sing. Kagunath is put for Raghunath; Nil Main for Nil Mani; *hildar* for bildar; the well-known and able Sikh Dewan or Chancellor is mentioned as Deana Nath and Dina Natta, instead of Dinonath; Sheikh Imamuddin becomes Namuddin, and so on. We apprehend Jowchin Sing to be intended for Jawahir Sing. We doubt very much if there can be such a mountain as "Persputnath" visible from Khatmandoo. There is doubtless a Parasnath in the Himalayas as elsewhere. The word "nuggr," or right, is put into the mouth of a Rajpoot prince, when probably "nyaya" or "huk" was said and written. Then we have Couper for Couper, Hogge for Hogg, and Reynold for Reynell Taylor. Natives do not wear *clipkuns*, but *chupkuns*. Pootlee, English readers require to be told, means puppet, or, in Carlylese, a sham and windbag. Mr. H. C. Tucker was not at Allahabad during the mutiny, but at Benares, at which place he nobly earned, and got, his C.B.ship. We may observe further that an offensive paragraph about the views entertained by Mr. George Campbell, the present able Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (p. 260, vol. ii.), might very well have been omitted. It is not just, and Sir H. Lawrence himself, on a calm review, would have been the first person to strike it out. Again, at page 383, Mr. Merivale says that, "as Lord Canning died in India," Sir Henry, had he lived, would have succeeded to the Viceroyalty; and the editor then goes on to say, that Sir W. Denison succeeded on Lord Canning's death. The real state of things is, that Lord Elgin relieved Lord Canning, in India, in March 1862; that the ex-Viceroy died in England, in June of the same year; and that Lord Elgin died as Viceroy in the Himalayas in November 1863, after a rule of some twenty months, whereupon Sir W. Denison was summoned from Madras until the arrival of Lord Lawrence. All these mistakes might have been avoided if the editor had only taken the trouble to send his proofs to some member of the family, or to some unattached Indian officer, at home on furlough. His position as biographer, and his connexion with the India Office, rendered this duty as easy as it was imperative. Putting aside these annoying blunders, the letterpress is good. The correspondence is well-selected and well woven together; the character is drawn without adulation, and without concealment of those imperfections which do not, after all, impair its high worth and dignity; and the result is that we have a valuable addition to that mass of biographical literature which conveys more sound and practical teaching than volumes of homilies and sermons.

We now take up Lawrence's career as Resident of Nepaul. No place at a native Court can be other than important, although, owing to the extreme jealousy of English interference or advice,

* *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* By the late Major-General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

and to its comparative isolation, there is much less to do at Khatmandoo than there is at Mount Aboo, Hyderabad, Baroda, or even Cashmere. While there, Lawrence actually witnessed a Suttee, and his description of this extraordinary rite might, with a very few alterations, take the place of that given by Diodorus Siculus as an episode of the contest between Eumenes and Antiochus, at an interval of some twenty centuries. He had also ample leisure for those literary pursuits of which, as giving significance and variety to his active career, he had always been fond. But the time was at hand when he was to put in practice his early theories and speculations in a wide and a worthy field. Major Broadfoot, who had been brought up from the Tenasserim Provinces to succeed Colonel Richmond on the frontier, was killed as he was riding close to Lord Hardinge in the Sikh entrenchments at Ferozshah. Lawrence was at once sent for to fill the vacancy, and with a promptitude worthy of Napier himself he joined the camp of the Sutlej in five days. After the battle of Sobraon the Governor-General, as he told the Sikh Vakil that he would do, dictated peace under the walls of Lahore. The tract called the Jullunder Doab, comprising three fine districts and lying between the Sutlej and the river Beas, was annexed, and Mr. John Lawrence was sent for from Delhi and made its Commissioner. It is curious that Mr. Merivale gives the Chenab as the boundary of this tract in one passage, and in another calls it the Cis-Sutlej division. The boundaries are as we have given them above, and the Commissionership has always been known as that of the Trans-Sutlej districts. The occupation of Lahore, the transfer of Cashmere to Maharaja Gholab Sing, and the administration of the empire of Runjeet by a Council of Regency, with Lawrence at its head, for the benefit of the minor who is now amongst us as a visitor, with other incidents, have long been matter of history, and we need not now dwell on them. Mr. Merivale refers to the slight *émeute* at Lahore, which was apparently caused by the conduct of a sentry who wounded one of a string of bullocks at a gateway. In reality, the affair was a protest against cow-killing. Mr. Merivale does not mention a well-known saying of the time which Sir Herbert Edwardes would in all probability have recorded. Edwardes, while riding through the streets of Lahore in attendance on his chief, who wished to quiet the people, was struck on the head by a brickbat, and it was said that, in revenge for the ill-treatment of the sacred animals, the cows, the Sikhs had broken the head of our "Brahminee Bull"; this being the *nom de plume* which is alluded to in one of the letters, and under which a few years previously Edwardes had written a series of animated papers which had brought him into notice. The refusal of Sheikh Imamuddin to deliver up Cashmere to our ally and tributary, and the conspiracy and trial of Lal Sing, are now forgotten except by the diligent student of Indian history. But Mr. Merivale, quoting from the *Calcutta Review*, truly remarks that the "feat of compelling the culpable Lahore Durbar, with its chief conspirator, Lal Sing, at its head, to make over, in the most marked and humiliating manner, the richest province in the Punjab, to the one man most detested by the Khalsa, was the real victory of the campaign." It illustrates some of the best points in Lawrence's character—his tact, firmness, personal influence, and power to carry out a settled policy in defiance of all opposition and intrigue.

We must pass over the events of the second Sikh campaign. Lawrence left India for a time, with Lord Hardinge, trusting that matters would run a smooth course in his absence. He returned within the year to find the Sikh army in the field, the Regency dissolved, annexation impending as a positive necessity, and the great Proconsul, as he has been termed, ready to avail himself of the services of Lawrence and his brother in making the country of the Five Rivers not merely a barrier against invasion from the North, but a well-ordered and civilized province, if not a model to other Presidencies and administrators. The story of the pacification, settlement, and progress of the Punjab has often been told in Anglo-Indian literature. After making every allowance for the favourable circumstances of the period, the picked officials, the eminent talents of the two brothers who were the mainsprings of the Commission, the wide arena, the large discretion conceded, and the vigorous will of the Governor-General, we must still pronounce this policy to be an unprecedented success. For nearly four years did Henry Lawrence labour as President of the Board at Lahore, and the termination of his connexion with that body and with the province was brought about by circumstances which, if annoying to a quick and sensitive spirit, are not in the least derogatory to his fame and character. This epoch, fraught with administrative triumphs for the Government and with benefits for the population, gave rise to important differences between Henry Lawrence and his brother John, which ended only as such discussions must end in any Cabinet, Council, Board, or Commission in the world. The story is fully and impartially told by Mr. Merivale. Henry Lawrence held views in regard to the native aristocracy, rent, free grants, resumptions, proprietorship, tenant-right, and so forth, very dissimilar to those of his brother. For some time these controversies were productive only of delay, deliberation, and ultimate good. After a while they became an impediment to business, and almost a discredit to the State. Lord Dalhousie sided with the younger brother, and, taking advantage of a hint as to retirement thrown out by the President of the Board, made him the offer of the Residentship of Rajpootana. This was accepted by Henry Lawrence, not of course without mortification; the Board was dissolved; a Chief Commissionership was created and bestowed upon John Lawrence; and the elder brother retired from the province where years before he had gained his first diplomatic honours, and where he had so successfully laboured to reconcile a proud and warlike population to the burden as well as to the advantage of our unbending rule. Mr. Merivale appears to think, and so do we, that Lord Dalhousie's conduct was neither unjust nor unreasonable, and that, in fact, he had no option in the course which he took. Any Viceroy and leader of men, more especially one of the vigorous and determined character of Lord Dalhousie, must be allowed to enforce his own policy, through his own agents, in his own fashion. And however the personal friends and adherents of Henry Lawrence—and they were neither few nor unimportant—might regret the termination of the controversy, it could have ended in no other way. The extremely creditable part of the affair is that it produced neither alienation nor personal ill-feeling between the two brothers. They continued to correspond on terms of regard and affection to the end, and, as Lord Campbell remarks of the two brothers Scott, they stood that trial of prosperity which is often a more searching test than very marked inequality of fortune. But it must not be imagined that Lord Dalhousie undervalued the character and services of Henry Lawrence. He retired from the Punjab with honour and emoluments to fill what was then the highest post at the disposal of Government, the Residentship in Rajpootana. That of Hyderabad, when vacated by General Low for a seat in Council, was offered to him soon afterwards; and we learn for the first time from these volumes that it had been the wish of the same Governor-General to send Lawrence to Oudh about the time of annexation.

In Rajpootana Lawrence found a by no means uncongenial field for the exercise of his talents, in temperately advising, quietly reproving, and honestly encouraging, its high-spirited chiefs; and here, as elsewhere, his just perceptions of Oriental character preserved him from the error of soothing folly and exalting vice. But there now befell him a calamity to which all official worries, disappointments, or vicissitudes were as nothing. The health of Lady Lawrence had been for some time declining, and she died in January 1854. These two volumes contain abundant proof of the strength, delicacy, and purity of her nature, of the admiration and respect which she inspired in her own circle, and of the devotion with which she was regarded by her husband. No more worthy Englishwoman has ever shared the honours or lessened the sorrows and anxieties of an Indian career.

The remainder of Lawrence's career in Rajpootana has some interest, but little of animation. In spite of failing strength and irreparable bereavement, he still continued at his post, devoted to work, and full of original plans and useful speculations in politics. The end was now nigh. General Outram, who had been sent to Oudh, which was a hotbed of controversy, was required for the Persian campaign, and Lawrence was selected by Lord Canning to fill the vacancy at Lucknow. He reached his post towards the end of March 1857, when the first low mutterings of thunder had already announced the gathering of that tempest which was destined to dissolve an army, to reduce an administration to chaos, to bring to light no trifling array of defects and errors, and yet to result in the sudden making or vindication of many noble names. If anything could have arrested or crushed the rebellious spirit of the sepoys, it would have been the presence and attitude of men like Henry Lawrence. But things had gone too far to be arrested by earnest expostulation, charm of manner, or personal influence. It is, however, mainly due to Lawrence's foresight, choice of situation, and collection of supplies and ammunition, that the garrison of Lucknow was enabled to make that stubborn and splendid resistance which has added another name to the catalogue of memorable sieges. On the 29th of June Lawrence led out his small force to the disastrous battle of Chinhut. On the evening of that day the siege may be said to have commenced. On the morning of the 2nd of July the shell was fired into the Residency which cost Lawrence his life. The affecting details of this incident, which are recorded by eye-witnesses, we shall not attempt to weaken by analysis or epitome. Nothing can be in better taste or keeping than the account selected or given by Mr. Merivale of the closing scene. The soldier and statesman was buried near the place where he fell, like another commander some fifty years before, amidst the roar of cannon which the foe was sullenly firing. The spot, amid the mouldering walls of the Residency, is already familiar to a score of tourists, not to speak of hundreds of Anglo-Indian officials.

Indian statesmen will find much food for thought and reflection, and something to criticize, in the opinions recorded by Sir H. Lawrence on some of the vexed problems of their time. But one point in his character cannot be too strongly recommended for imitation. A considerate patron of natives, zealous and vigilant for their rights and privileges, and tender to their very prejudices, Lawrence was never for one moment blind to the radical defects of the Oriental temperament. One of his maxims was "that he never yet saw a native the better for yielding to him." Of the Rajpoots he writes that there is "little of any truth or honesty in them, and not much more manliness." In all his dealings with prince or peasant, envoy or subordinate, astute Brahmin or distrustful sepoy, there is the same courtesy and generosity, the same unvarying good faith and honour, and the same acute perception of the national vices. Some writers and administrators act towards the Hindoos as contemptuously as the countrymen of Cato the Censor would have acted to the Greeks of the Lower Empire; others accept success in a competitive examination and the veneer and varnish of English literature as complete testimonials to moral and political worth, and are quite willing to believe that a young native who can quote Milton and make a speech in English must necessarily be fitted to rule over a mixed

community of Asiatics and Europeans, and to represent the governing power on the banks of the Jumna or the Jhelum. Lawrence was the slave of no such idols. He read the native character as a practised Oriental scholar reads off his Persian manuscript; but he showed, in his sayings and doings, that happy mixture of conciliation and firmness which commands reverence from Orientals, and by which they must be ruled. Amidst all his dislike to annexation and encroachment, it is somewhat startling to find that he would have been quite prepared to take the kingdom of Nepaul if the Ghoorkas gave trouble, and so to complete "a splendid frontier in the Snowy Mountains." In respect of Afghanistan he correctly marked out one part of the policy which was subsequently adopted by his brother, and consummated by Lord Mayo. He deprecated what several alarmists and editors have advocated, "poking interference," and the deputation of an armed force beyond the Khyber. In one or two other points his prescience seems to have been at fault. It *has* been found prudent and politic to send money, and not men, to Cabul. And it is not "nonsense to put natives into Council, or to make them Sudder Judges." On the contrary, three natives have in succession justified their elevation to the bench of the High Court of Calcutta; and their nomination to Councils, in all three Presidencies, has had the double effect of gratifying national self-love and of bringing a fund of practical experience to the discussion of various troublesome questions. What natives are not yet fitted for is an executive position which demands impartiality in dealing with conflicting interests, vigour and promptness in action, and readiness to assume responsibility.

The happiest conception of Lawrence's career was the asylum which bears his name. It is designed for the education of the children, especially the daughters, of English soldiers. To this object he gave his time, his savings, and his influence; and the institution which he erected at Sanawar, near Kussowlie, on the first ridge of the Himalayas, has served as a model for similar institutions elsewhere. A tablet to the memory of Lady Lawrence adorns the walls of this asylum; and we may here mention, what apparently has escaped Mr. Merivale, that an excellent statue of her husband may be seen in St. Paul's. The eldest son, who entered the civil service, was killed by a fall from a bridge while travelling through the Himalayas during the Viceroyalty of his uncle, and the posthumous and hereditary honours are now borne by Sir Henry's grandson. One little girl, called after the sister so often named in the correspondence, lies buried at the hill station of Subathoo, and a son and daughter still survive their high-minded father.

The reader of this biography will hardly need to be informed that Henry Lawrence was often hot and impetuous, sensitive to criticism, and prone to assume that men were personally hostile to him when he could not exactly have his own way. But these are precisely the infirmities which we might expect in a quick, thoughtful, and chivalrous temperament. Like all who are born to lead, he founded an official school of his own, and his memory is still cherished by numerous adherents and friends. Not to speak of the proffered Viceroyalty, which he did not live to hear of, he had, in his day, esteem and honour sufficient to stimulate a laudable ambition in the profession and in the country in which these volumes will have the widest circulation and will create the liveliest interest. But the story of such a life and death, of difficulties so manfully encountered, of earnestness at the last so tempered by charity, and of duty so nobly performed, may well be read with advantage by young Englishmen of every class and profession.

LUCY FITZADAM.*

WHEN it falls to our lot to read a new novel by an unknown author a faint hope sometimes occurs to us that we may be witnessing the first appearance of a Miss Austen or a Miss Brontë. Every now and then we see that some bold critic announces that such a phenomenon has actually risen above the literary horizon. A good many years, however, have elapsed since any such confident announcement has been justified. We would not say that the art of novel-writing is decaying; for some authors of established reputation are still amongst us, and, as we may hope, are still capable of repeating their early triumphs. But it is about time that new candidates for the higher honours of the profession should be making their appearance; and whenever we come across a few sentences showing real freshness of imagination, or a touch of genuine humour, we hope for a few moments that our weary waiting is about to meet with its reward. *Lucy Fitzadam*, the book before us, is certainly not destined to create such a sensation as *Jane Eyre* or the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Indeed, we may say at once that it is not likely to be a popular story. In spite of certain merits, it has, as we shall presently remark, some very serious faults, and faults which are precisely of the kind most likely to hinder a decided success. And yet it also has merits sufficiently rare to justify the hope that its author may do well when she has gained more literary experience. We do not mean to say that she is likely to rival the eminent novelists whom we have mentioned; nor, indeed, is it ever safe to assume that faults which we set down to inexperience may not grow more instead of less conspicuous. Unluckily the cases are numerous in which the tares have more vitality than the wheat; and the good qualities which have led us to prognosticate success make themselves less evident at every successive attempt. However, it is our duty to be critics, not prophets; and we shall therefore be content to indicate the merits which induce us to expect better things from the author of *Lucy Fitzadam*, and the faults which at present materially interfere with our enjoyment. Which of them will succeed in choking the other is a question which must be left to the decision of time.

We may say then that, in the first place, the author has a pleasant sense of humour, and a keen perception of character. Although the novel is in the form of an autobiography, and the lady has to describe her successful lover, he is not, singular to relate, an unmitigated prig, or an impossible mass of perfection. The writing reminds us occasionally of Miss Brontë, though it does not venture into the same flights of rhetoric, or deal with the same vehement passions; still we seem every now and then to catch the same tone, though the resemblance is perhaps heightened by the fact that the scene is partly laid in the district of Yorkshire described in *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*. The eloquence, however, is tempered by a good deal of pleasant ridicule bestowed upon her own girlish impulsiveness by the supposed autobiographer. Then there is much smart but kindly satire of life in a small country town, and of the religious eccentricities of various old maids and clergymen. Unluckily these good qualities are wasted on a story of extremely awkward construction. The author, we should fancy, is unduly troubled by the fear of being dull. Her unfortunate heroine is kept constantly on the move, and we have in the two volumes sketches of life in Somersetshire, in a London suburb, and in Yorkshire. Such a shifting of scenery, unless well managed, is apt to be prejudicial to the due harmony of effect. It is the more vexatious in this case because we cannot help fancying that the young lady is sent on her travels, not from regard to the exigencies of the story, but because the author had a few descriptions of these different districts on hand. The consequence is that the devices by which these movements are brought about are of a very clumsy character. The heroine, for example, receives an anonymous communication in London, to which place she has retired for no very intelligible reason, stating that her lover is the father of an illegitimate child born in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Instead of acquainting her lover, as she was bound to do in common justice, with this imputation on his character, she goes off by herself to Yorkshire, ostensibly that she may inspect the register of births, which could throw no light upon the subject, but really that she may give an opportunity for a description of the moors near Ingleborough and Penigent. The whole expedition is otherwise palpably absurd and beside the purpose; and, what is worse, it involves maintaining a very silly mystery and then telling the story backwards, after the dreary old fashion, by a long series of mutual explanations. We will venture to suggest to the author that, though we have no objection on principle to murder, seduction, or any other desirable mode of giving interest to a novel, we always resent having the narrative dealt out to us in this vexatiously roundabout method. Nothing, we take it, was a greater mistake in point of art than the old custom favoured by Sir Walter Scott, and other less eminent authorities, of trying to cheat readers into taking interest in a story by concealing from them half the essential points till the last few pages. A story which has not enough intrinsic interest to bear being told straightforwardly is, as a general rule, a story which is not worth telling in any way to grown-up readers. The artifice is a childish one, or, at any rate, is only pardonable in fictions of very skilful construction. When the story, as in this case, is complicated, and yet uninteresting, it is not made more lively by being presented to us as a series of conundrums. We are only too apt to give them up.

In consequence of these defects, which are probably the result of the author's insufficient confidence in her powers, the story fails to produce the effect which the power of some passages encourages us to expect. It contains many good characters, touched with real skill and delicacy, and yet they bother us by their mutual misunderstandings and the complicated situations which they occupy with regard to each other. Our attention is demanded to particular details, such as the discovery of an old packet of letters, which afterwards prove to have no sufficient influence on the development of the narrative; and we venture strongly to recommend the author, on her next attempt, to take a simple plot worked by a smaller number of actors, and to spend more labour in making her situations intelligible and less in perplexing them by unnecessary mystery. The pleasantest part of the book is perhaps the character of the autobiographer herself, a young lady who, except that she is described as pretty, reminds us vaguely of a softened edition of Miss Brontë's later heroines. She is a quiet, demure little person on the surface, but with a capacity for strong emotion and for unexpectedly taking up very vigorous lines of action. She is indeed more young-ladylike and fickle in her proceedings, and has a keener eye for some of her own absurdities. She becomes the ardent disciple of a young ritualistic clergyman, who soon goes over to Rome, and then she is carried away by the enthusiasm of a stern Calvinist preacher. Presently, however, she is reconciled to her lover, a powerful young man, rather of the muscular type but not quite idiotic, and speedily discovers that his views, which are of the Broad Church variety, are the only ones that can satisfy her aspirations. She writes a letter to the questionable heroine, who is on the point of perversion, and expects to bring her to reason by arguments contained on three or four sides of a sheet of note-paper. This well-meant effort at serving the truth fails; but that is a fate which

* *Lucy Fitzadam.* An Autobiography. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

has attended many elaborate treatises of several hundred times the length; and, after all, it is possible that the persecuted Mrs. Thain had already read such arguments as this:—"My dear Margaret, the Romanist and the Dissenter alike sneer at her as a compromise. They are right in their definition, and only wrong in their decision. She *is* a compromise; but therein lies her chief glory and her brightest hope." The sentiments are excellent; but a more experienced controversialist would scarcely have expected them to be decisive in their influence. Miss Fitzadam, indeed, is not an experienced controversialist, nor even a strong-minded lady, in spite of her enthusiasm, and her impetuosity, and her lively emotions. But she is an agreeable young woman all the same, and with much more vitality in her than nine-tenths of the heroines whose acquaintance we are doomed to make. Round her are grouped a variety of people who are all more or less amusing in their way, such, for example, as the provincial "man of Ross," who prefaces his lecture on music to the native Lyceum by the statement that he possesses no knowledge of Handel, Mozart, and others, and that what he does not possess he cannot communicate, and who then plunges into an account of the influence he has exerted during a residence of eighty years in the town; then states that he has written to the Secretary of State, suggesting the legislative protection of nightingales, and received no answer; and winds up by quotations from Dryden about heavenly harmony and the celebrated epigram as to tweedledum and tweedledee. Then we have a good specimen of the absent-minded and benevolent friend of the family, who is fond of vindicating the ways of Providence, and observes, *àpropos* of the severe illness of the father of the family, whose progress to health is unpleasantly slow, that "all the mightiest operations of nature are gradual and insensible. Take, for instance, the earthquake." These and a good many other sketches show a happy, if not a very profound, vein of humour, which comes into agreeable contrast with more serious passages. We will not, however, indulge in any more quotations, which, to do them justice, must be given at greater length than our space will afford. We will content ourselves with observing that, if we have not discovered the coming novelist in the author of *Lucy Fitzadam*—a person for whom we may not improbably have still a long time to wait—we are glad to admit that her first attempt is creditable, and shows capacities which, when she better understands her own strong points, may be turned to much better account.

KING'S SIERRA NEVADA.*

THE general scientific results of the Geological Survey of California conducted by Professor Whitney have already formed the subject of an interesting volume, the forerunner, we are glad to be assured, of others dealing with the subordinate divisions or aspects of the inquiry. So practically inexhaustible, as well as so comparatively new, are the geography and physical character of this part of the American continent, that we are predisposed to welcome any contribution to our knowledge which comes to us at first hand with the guarantee of personal observation and experience, or with the authority of technical acquaintance with the class of facts under investigation. The adventures and experiences of the surveying party have been treated in a less severe or more popular manner by Mr. Clarence King, a member of the Professor's staff, in *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*. With enough of scientific detail to afford a clear and instructive outline of the natural features of that most remarkable country, Mr. King's narrative combines a liveliness of perception and a graphic skill in portraying what meets his eye which will serve to recommend his work to the larger class of readers in general. Whether in face of the stupendous scenery of this mountain chain, or in the companionship with new and abnormal types of life here forced upon the traveller or the explorer, he shows that he possesses the gift of making himself thoroughly at home, together with the art of admitting his readers into fellowship with what he sees and sympathetic enjoyment of what he feels.

Mr. King devotes his opening chapter to a rapid survey of the mighty range of Western America in its general aspect—the whole series of rocky fastnesses which seem built up as a bulwark against the slowly invading billows of the Pacific. The grandest by far is the Sierra Nevada, a long and massive uplift dividing the arid desert of the Great Basin and the boundless Californian wealth of plain and valley. To the Sierras belong a structure and a physical character which are individual and unique. Their geological history goes far back to a time when the Atlantic and the Pacific formed one ocean, from whose accumulated depths of sand and stony débris was gradually upheaved in Palæozoic, or perhaps even in Azoic ages, what is now the upper ridge of that mighty crest from which a wide continent stretches away on either hand from sea to sea. The result of the official survey is to refer to an early date in the Jurassic period the main elevation of this great sea-floor—a series of continuous upheavals, forming the mountain framework of the Western States, reaching as far east as Middle Wyoming and stretching from Mexico probably as far as Alaska. We should like to see Mr. King's proofs of the sudden outpouring of "wide zones of granite" through the yawning fissures and ruptured axes of these Jurassic rock masses. Are we to infer that the granite is found widely and evenly overlying sedimentary deposits? Such at least is not the way in which we should expect a geologist to speak of merely eruptive or intrusive veins of igneous rock breaking, however widely, the continuity of aqueous stratification. It was probably a shrinking of the mass of the continent which in the late Tertiary period tilted once more the floor of the ocean, thickly laid from cretaceous and early Tertiary deposits. During all this period the Pacific waves wore away the western base of the Sierra Nevada, while wide and deep cañons were furrowed out of the mountain ridges by torrents which poured their freight of detritus in volumes into the sea. Then appeared the present system of coast ranges. The intermediate depression or trough, as it is called by Mr. King, forms the valley of California, and is therefore a more recent continental feature than the Sierra Nevada. Subsequent to this was the second great igneous outbreak, when sheets of lava poured down the slopes of the Sierra, when along the whole Pacific coast innumerable volcanic vents opened forth their fountains of fire, and groups of islands were thrown up from the bosom of the sea. Next came the Glacial age, when the Sierras formed one broad field of snow, when gigantic glaciers scooped out the forms of valleys, and scored their marks of growth and descent upon the rocky slopes. Finally ensued the present condition of mountain and valley which Mr. King makes it his task to portray. For the execution of this part of his work he thinks fit to apologize as desultory and inadequate; but it is only fair to him to bear in mind that his book is not so much of a scientific or systematic kind as a sketch of travel and adventure.

Whilst on duty at the Mariposa gold mines during the winter of 1864 Mr. King had been led by many observations of the High Sierra to fix upon a vast pile of white peaks, calculated by him to lie near the head of the King's and Kaweah rivers, as the crowning summit of the Nevada range. Induced by his representations, Professor Whitney during the ensuing summer proceeded to organize, under charge of Professor Brewer, a commission to explore and survey the new Alps, to which the author was attached as assistant geologist. From their camp, on an outlying spur of the great granite barrier, where their equipment was organized and the training of their Indian guides matured, Mr. King and his chosen companion Cotter set forth upon one of the most desperate enterprises recorded in the annals of travel, the ascent of those tempting peaks pronounced inaccessible by the experienced heads of the Survey. Lost for three days to their party below, who had sadly begun letters home reporting them missing beyond hope, this adventurous pair strove against physical risks and sufferings from climate exceeding all that we have heard from the lips of mountaineers. Each had to carry a knapsack forty pounds in weight, and their shoulders were soon worn into a black and blue state. What with barometer, compass, pocket-level, wet and dry bulb thermometer, note-books, cooked beans and venison enough for a week, with wraps and cooking utensils, they were terribly handicapped over this precipitous upward course. Frozen venison and miserably tepid tea, made by the aid of shavings from the barometer case, formed a poor breakfast after a night spent upon a sheet of granite, the pair hugging together to get warm. Their backs gradually petrified until they "whirled over and thawed them out together," and dozed again, "chocking themselves up with bits of granite inserted under their ribs and shoulders." In the face of the hard sheer front of precipices, only broken here and there into splintered projections, crevices, or shelves of granite, the sole chance was to lasso by a skilful upward throw some block or spire of rock, and haul up themselves and their precious load, dangling often over abysses thousands of feet in depth. Once safely landed upon the thin blade of a ridge thus perilously scaled, they had to work slowly along astride, only to find on reaching the summit the mighty gorge of the King's cañon, five thousand feet deep, forbidding their advance to the north, and the broader, though less deep, valley of the Kern river to the south. Their only hope lay in a descent of the Kern side of the defile, which, aided by the lasso, they effected by successive slides or drops from shelf to shelf, reaching the lowest level by a glissade and summersault down the long smooth snow slope, shooting out with the momentum like cannon-balls well nigh to the middle of the frozen lake. Through the thin transparent ice film, which cracked in all directions under them, they could see far down into the depths below. Our great wonder is how the precious barometer, generally borne with such gentle solicitude and care, survived the tremendous series of shocks. From the base of the great white mountain, climbing at first with difficulty in the dim moonlight two hours before dawn, the adventurous climbers, leaving their knapsacks at their camping place, and taking only their instruments, made good their foothold from ledge to ledge of the opposing granite wall, and at noon clasping hands over the topmost crest, reverently named the grand peak Mount Tyndall. To their surprise two still higher peaks were to be made out through the glass, to one of which, whose glorious summit, apparently inaccessible, is considered by Mr. King the highest point within the United States, they gave the name of Mount Whitney, discrowning in consequence Shasta, with its volcanic peak of 14,400 feet, the ascent of which by the author, told in a later chapter, forms one of the most vivid incidents in the work. His book being unaccompanied by any kind of map or geographical outline whatever, the reader is unfairly thrown upon his own resources for the means of verifying a point upon the globe for which neither latitude nor longitude is given by the writer who announces the discovery. An omission so strange as this is enough to take away all scientific value from Mr. King's work. There are not many readers who have at hand the maps of the

* *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.* By Clarence King. Boston, U.S.: Osgood & Co. 1872.

United States Survey. We may add that whatever pretensions our author may possess to a critical knowledge of the fine arts must be forfeited by his ridiculous profession of belief that Gothic architecture was directly inspired by granite forms:—

As I sat on Mount Tyndall, the whole mountains shaped themselves like the ruins of cathedrals—sharp roof-ridges, pinnacled and statued; buttresses more spired and ornamented than Milan's; receding doorways with pointed arches carved into blank façades of granite, doors never to be opened, innumerable jutting points, with here and there a single cruciform peak, its frozen roof and granite spires so strikingly Gothic, I cannot doubt that the Alps furnished the models for early cathedrals of that order.

Of the Yosemite Valley, the towering grandeur of El Capitan, the mystic beauty of the Bridal Veil, or the giant vegetation of the Mariposa and the Merced, Mr. King has not much to add to the very full and interesting Official Survey put forth by the Government of California, and reviewed in our columns a year and a half ago. There is, however, much force and picturesqueness in his description of a Sierra storm to which he and his party were exposed on the brink of the great cañon, where the granite wall went sheer down three thousand feet. Cowering under their blankets, the weight of which gradually became harder to bear, the party, freeing themselves by a sudden effort, found around them snow a foot and a half in depth. The great firs below were seen like solid cones of snow, now and then unloading themselves when severely bent by a sudden gust, and filling the air with dry white powder. During a momentary lull in the fury of the storm, a loud roar from Capitan heralded the fall of an avalanche, which, gathering volume and swiftness as it rushed from the dome-like summit to the brink, leaped out two or three hundred feet into space, filtering through the air till it floated like a silver cloud and reached the valley depth in faint blue mist. The Cathedral, Three Brothers, and Cloud's Nest shot off in turn their mighty loads of snow, filling the air with their thunder, their pulverised masses sinking into the sea of purple cloud below. The tempest breaking out again with redoubled fury, effects on an unexampled scale of grandeur were displayed. "Strange games seemed to be played by the whirlwind with the fall of the Yosemite, of which the whole lip was filled to the brim, and poured forth its broad torrent of white." At one time a gust rushed upon the lip of the fall with such force as to dam back all its waters, the white pile or column retreating upwards until not a drop of water poured down the wall. This sight, familiar to all who see much of falls or shoots of water on a lesser scale, must have been inexpressibly grand where a flood of the volume of the Yosemite rushed over a cliff two thousand feet and more in height. Gathering strength after a while, the torrent overcame the wind, rushed out with tremendous violence, leaped a hundred and fifty feet straight out into the air, and fell clear to the rocks below, dashing high and white again, and breaking into a cloud of spray that filled the lower part of the Valley for a mile. At times the whole mighty cataract swung to and fro like a pendulum. Anon the whole mass was gathered up in a festoon, and whirled back over the summit of the walls. Mr. King got out the theodolite to measure the angle of its deflection, which he found to be carried round an entire semicircle. "A very frequent prank was to loop the whole twenty-six hundred feet of cataract into a single semicircular festoon, which fell in the form of fine fringe."

While showing himself to possess an eye and a pen for the most impressive aspects of nature, Mr. King is, if possible, even more at home in delineating the native features of character. In the "Newtys of Pike" he has given us a sketch of the raciest and most original kind. Wanderers twenty years before from Pike county, Missouri, widely known for its hogs, Mr. Newty, a keen New Englander, and his wife, the daughter of an Arkansas judge, had sought out a snug ranche, which at the end of ten years was improved into "the neatest little warm fence this side of Pike county." Here our traveller came by night upon the whole family asleep in the open, with their feet to the fire, ill-covered by a heap of old and half-bald buffalo robes. Besides the father, mother, and two small children, there lay Susan, a "mighty girl," waving over the fire her "number eleven shoes"; the factotum, as it turned out, of the family, the doer of the honours to guests, the special guardian of the family wealth in hogs, two acres of which she tended with affectionate pride, knowing each particular hog by its physiognomy, having, as she said, "growed with 'em." After assisting at our traveller's toilet by the brook, this Nausicaa of the Far West accepted with maidenly joy the offer of his pocket comb and glass. A magnificent rough-rider, whom no amount of bush-jumping could dismount, Susan on her prancing mustang set her guest upon his way with saddening repetitions of what, it would seem, forms the adieu of the backwoods—"You'll take care of yourself now, won't you?" backed by the father's significant, not to say inviting hint, "Thet—thet—thet man what gits Susan *has half the hogs!*" The family heart has meanwhile unbosomed itself in the course of a chat which makes a most amusing chapter. In "Kaweah's Run" there are descriptive powers which go far to raise the race for life of the high-couraged, faithful horse of the Tulare prairie to the level of a rivalry in prose with the *Ride to Ghent*. Throughout his book Mr. King gives signs of literary power which needed but to be wielded with more regular effort, to be trained in more artistic methods of handling his materials, and to be seconded by greater skill and taste on the part of his publisher, to bring *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* up to the highest standard among compositions of its class.

MY WIFE AND I IN QUEENSLAND.*

A BOOK of travels must, generally speaking, be badly written if it does not raise in the reader's mind a strong desire to go and see the places described. At one time or other there is scarcely a country that we have not vowed we will visit as soon as we shall have attained that length of purse and that freedom from all engagements which will allow us to turn our steps East, West, South, or North, as our fancy may guide us. We have projected many a tour to the Arctic regions, and hope to spend one winter at least high up in Smith's Sound, where we may see all the wonders of the Northern lights and be repaid for one long night by one unbroken day. We have pored over the map of the Pacific, and looked forward to the time when in our yacht we shall sail from one island to another, and see the rings of coral enclosing each their patch of the bluest water. We have even been so far seduced as to long with Mr. Wallace to visit the Eastern Archipelago and to brave all that assemblage of horrors, animate and inanimate, which those regions can boast of, in the desire to see nature in her unrivalled luxuriance. Our chief difficulty is how to divide the years that we may be able to spare for our travels, and how to choose in whose track we shall follow. We could, we think, willingly join in a game of Follow-my-leader over the world; but when we have Darwin, and Baker, and Palgrave, and Livingstone, and a host of others to show the way, our leaders are so many, and the path which each takes is so inviting, that we scarcely know which to follow, and so perhaps in our perplexity may end by remaining at home. To all this, however, there is one exception. We can read of Australia without becoming restless, and we can watch from the Thames or Mersey some large ship setting sail for Sydney or Melbourne without having the smallest wish to embark. In that vast continent there is no doubt variety to be found, stretching as it does over nearly thirty degrees of latitude. But what Mr. Darwin says of one of its great divisions may with equal truth, we believe, be said of all. He tells us in his *Naturalist's Voyage Round the World* that "the extreme uniformity of the vegetation is the most remarkable feature in the landscape of the greater part of New South Wales. Everywhere we have an open woodland, the ground being partially covered with a very thin pasture, with little appearance of verdure." Mr. Eden, who has spent eight years in Queensland, gives exactly the same account. He says:—

One of the great peculiarities of Australian scenery is its sameness, which is so remarkable that when you have been a few miles in the bush, you are as well acquainted with the features of the continent as after a journey of months. In nothing was I so much struck with this as in the rivers, which, whether large watercourses and dignified by the name of "river," or small tributaries called by the less sounding appellation "creeks," are exactly the same in every particular except size. I confess I always was under the impression that a river had water in it, but find that water is the last thing necessary to make one in Queensland.

Unvaried as are the natural features of the country, there are no associations about it to give it an interest and dignity of its own. Not only is it a continent without a history, but it is a continent without antiquities. There are nowhere to be found in it those vast remains of races long past away which are to be met with among the haunts of the red men of North America. And while it has little to reward the traveller, it has in a high degree all the discomforts which are bad enough in themselves, but which can nevertheless be borne when every day's journey is rewarded by its own scene of beauty or tradition.

Queensland seems to us to possess in the highest degree all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of the other great colonies of Australia. Some few years ago it was puffed up as a second Garden of Eden, but those who return from it scarcely seem to have succeeded in discovering its merits. Last year we noticed (*Saturday Review*, June 24, 1871) an interesting account of this colony by "A University Man." The author fairly enough owned, as we pointed out at the time, that his want of success was due quite as much to himself as to the colony. At the same time the picture that he drew seemed to be as truthful as it was uninviting. Still a country, however uninteresting to the traveller, may no doubt be admirably adapted for the colonist; and so long as it can afford in abundance the necessaries and comforts of life, it can do without natural beauty and historic associations. Mr. Eden does not give us his balance-sheet, nor let us know in what state he quitted Queensland after eight years of such hardships and labours as a small farmer in England would look upon as intolerable. We fear, however, that he must have returned home empty in pocket, as we know that he returned "broken in health." Yet he seems to have been on the whole well fitted for colonial life, though he had all his experience to gain on the spot. He was not like "A University Man," incapable of severe bodily toil, nor averse to it. He was ready to turn his hand to anything, from dressing for two months together sheep with the foot-rot, to driving tunnels lying on his side at the bottom of a shaft in search of gold. On one occasion, he tells us, he walked 430 miles in seventeen days, and yet could have gone on further, he was "in such first-rate condition." And yet, after reading his book through, we can only find one thing in which he did not lose by leaving England and going to Queensland. He preserved his dignity. A gentleman may work with his hands as hard as he likes if he does it on the other side of the world, and may come back and publish an account of his daily toil. If his account is interesting, he will be all the better received by society. In the

* *My Wife and I in Queensland: an Eight Years' Experience in the above Colony, with some Account of Polynesian Labour.* By Charles H. Eden. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

long sea-voyage home the marks of toil wear away from the hands, and manual labour, like the view, has enchantment lent to it by distance. As Mr. Eden says:—

> A fact which should be borne in mind by all people reading Australian books, or who bend their thoughts in that direction, is, that in that country no one loses caste by performing bodily labour, indeed it is just the reverse, and the more a man can do for himself the better he will get on. I have seen an officer, late of a crack dragoon regiment, drive a dray laden with firewood to a house, sell, unload, and stack it himself, receive his money and drive off; and have met him that evening at a ball at the same house, and by virtue of the prefix to his name taking the hostess down to supper.

How much disappointment would be avoided if men who are too indolent or too fastidious to set to hard work in England would bring home to themselves the truth of this before they embark in search of a fool's paradise in Queensland! A shepherd's life in Australia, as in Arcadia, has cast around it, no doubt, a certain haze of poetic fancy. This haze, however, we have always found at once dispelled when we have on a summer's day met a flock of sheep on a turnpike road. Two months of tending sheep with the foot-rot is bad enough anywhere, but in Queensland labour seems to be attended by a host of miseries. There, as indeed everywhere else in Australia, there are great droughts, and in many places the water that can be found is often so foul that the thirsty labourer, before he can venture to drink it, has to boil it to get rid of the scum. With the drought come vast clouds of dust, and scarcely less vast clouds of flies, both of which cause a most painful form of eye disease. "During the summer," Mr. Eden says, "every two men you meet out of three have either the sandy or swelling blight—a species of ophthalmia. The first is insufferable torture, the feeling being that of hot sharp grains of sand between the eye and the eyelid." The other is not painful, but in Mr. Eden's words, "most disagreeable." The eye merely swells up to "the size of a fives or cricket-ball," having been poisoned by "flies coming off putrid carcases." The only way to escape these flies indoors is to build your house without a single window in it. Mr. Eden insists greatly on this point, and says, "Neither do I approve of windows in any shape or form, for the darker a room is the less you are worried by flies." As there is no variety of prospect to see, and scarcely any books to read, a window may perhaps be easily dispensed with. But if darkness keeps out the flies, it does not keep out the snakes, which "render life hardly worth having, infesting the houses and getting into beds." So abundant are they that Mr. Eden says that, in his daily walk of a mile to fetch milk for his baby, "I don't think I ever went without seeing three or four deadly snakes cross the track close under my feet." Besides snakes there are poisonous centipedes, some nine inches long, equally fond of the house, which can inflict a wound the effects of which last for months. As if these were not enough, there are scorpions, tarantulas, white ants, bulldog ants, tree ants, huge hornets, mosquitoes, and sand flies. In the deep pools in the rivers there are alligators, one of which dragged down the ferryman who, in his rotten canoe, foundered when taking Mr. Eden over a river. There come also sudden floods which sweep away the labour of the whole year, hailstones which "riddle corrugated iron," and cyclones which tear "a new oilskin coat into ribbons in a minute." Should the lonely shepherd escape from all these miseries, he is likely enough to get his skull smashed in by a native's "nullah-nullah." Mr. Eden's brother-in-law and one of his shepherds were on different occasions both murdered in this manner. The death of a white man in each case leads to a savage retaliation on the natives, who get hunted down, not only by the whites, but by their own countrymen, who are enrolled in what is called the native police. From Mr. Eden's description it is easy to see that the native police differs only from the Cuban bloodhounds in so far as one pack is commanded by an Englishman, the other by a Spanish American. And yet there must be something in Queensland that counterbalances to no small extent these disadvantages, for Mr. Eden, when leaving his home in the bush, talks of "the happy time we passed there, enhanced as it was by the freedom from all worry and anxiety." We should as soon have expected to find the Egyptians as they pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea talk of the happy time they had just passed during the plagues of Egypt, enhanced as it was by the freedom from all worry and anxiety. Perhaps it is in the absence of all the bondage of respectability that the real charm is to be found. Many of us are already beginning to get impatient for our yearly month or six weeks of life on the mountains, where we may gratify to the full all those rude longings which after so many generations of civilized life have not yet become tamed down, but are still left us in no small force from our wild forefathers. There are others who must be wild the whole year through, and who regard a black coat and a hat with as much disfavour as the Australian savage does the scantiest of all garments. Such persons will find every desire gratified in Queensland, where respectability seems to be at its lowest ebb. Many young men, moreover, though they have no strong liking for the wild bush life, are nevertheless shipped over there by their friends, who are weary of their excesses in England and think that on the other side of the world, in some mysterious way, they will become reformed characters. As Mr. Eden remarks:—

> There is a most erroneous opinion indulged in by many right-thinking people in England, that if a young man is wild and dissipated, the knock-about life of the Colonies will bring him to his bearings, and that in a few years he will steady down. Never was such a fatal error. Any vice which is indulged, even whilst under the restraint of a little self-respect, will break out with tenfold violence in a land where there is no vestige of restraint, and where these things are barely looked upon as wrong.

However much men may try to throw off all respectability, it is not in human nature to be entirely without an object of respect. In Queensland the power of hard drinking seems to be looked upon with admiration, and to come as near as anything else to those qualities which in England show a man's fitness for the office of churchwarden or common councilman. A man of whom it can be said that he is "a good drinking man" is, as our author tells us, "highly esteemed." Unfortunately, before that high reputation can be attained, the vast quantity and vile quality of the spirits needful to be drunk, combined with the excessive heat of the climate, sweep off numbers, the promise of whose youth envious fate does not suffer to be fulfilled. Mr. Eden, however, was fortunate enough to come across one hero who managed before breakfast to swallow down "fifteen alcoholic drinks, and seemed not a whit the worse."

Mr. Eden has a long chapter in defence of the importation of Polynesian labour into the colony. From his own account it is evident that he must have seen but very little of the general working of that detestable system, and that from the experience of his own small plantation he judges of the whole. He was well served by a body of some twenty islanders, and from the smallness of his own party, and the strength and peculiarities of these Polynesian gentlemen, he asserts that he could not have oppressed them even if he would. They spent their Sundays in roaming through the bush, and, as he subsequently learnt, provided themselves with a cheerful Sunday repast by hunting down the natives. There is this to be said for them, that the natives would just as readily have eaten them as they ate the natives. Even, however, if this amiable weakness for that food which is generally known in the Pacific as "long pig" is looked upon as a complete proof that they are not people to be easily oppressed, it may nevertheless raise some degree of hesitation in the mind of any one who is thinking of establishing in Queensland a cotton or sugar plantation. It is good, no doubt, to be freed from all kinds of temptation, and from none more especially than from the temptation to oppress those beneath us. But whether the deterrent motive should consist in the liability of being turned into a Sunday dinner for one's labourers is another question. We would advise any one who has thoughts of settling in Queensland first to read Mr. Eden's book. Though the style is rather heavy, the matter is interesting. It does not read so well as *Colonial Adventures and Experiences*, by A University Man, to which we have already referred. Nevertheless it contains much more information, and would be a more useful guide, if any eccentric persons are still bent on settling in Queensland.

THE HOUSEHOLD COOKERY BOOK.*

NOTHING proves more thoroughly that our Continental neighbours are very far in advance of us in culinary skill and resource than a study of those methods which are accounted practical and elementary in the writings of Urban Dubois. His *Artistic Cookery* was far above us, of course; and we marvelled from our low level at his triumphal fabrics of paste and sugar, even when we could but smile at the grandiloquence wherewith he dilated on achievements in the field of taste which match those of his Imperial masters in the field of arms, and which apparently never failed to grace the board of German potentates whilst besieging Paris. But when, next in the series, was announced *Cosmopolitan Cookery*, and we thought to find with the dishes and sauces of all nations a condescension to rather obtuse and untravelled understandings in the ways of cookery, it must be owned that the result was disappointment; the recipes, as various and strange as the climes in which each was popular, involved appliances, resources, meats, and, above all, culinary nicety only conceivable in England by "Fin Bec" and the "Gastronomic Club," and the privileged circle which writes, as distinguished from that wider one which reads *Knife and Fork*. Even now, when the author's theme is cookery for the household, and the aim culinary instruction to the smallest kitchen, with lessons professedly limited to the furnishing a family meal or catering for a very limited guest-table, the thought that is most constantly present with the English reader and reviewer is, "Are not all these things greatly above us? do we not need to go to school again? should there not be a professorship of gastronomy, with a staff of peripatetic lecturers to go about and instil rudimentary ideas into those who purvey and those who consume the food which it will then be the Household Cookery Book's function to teach us how to dress? M. Dubois credits us with more civilization than we have attained unto, and "pitches his projects too high," through a fond belief that the grammar of gastronomy has been mastered far more widely and thoroughly in this country than is really the case. Even below the range of his *Household Cookery Book* there is room for something more elementary still; for the number of households capable of putting to full proof the excellent variety of his suggestions and methods is, we suspect, far more circumscribed than his philosophy dreams or conceives. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the English character can be educated into setting very great store upon fertility of invention as to *hors-d'œuvres*, made-dishes, and kickshaws; if it can, the *Household Cookery Book*, a little reduced, might very fairly become its manual in this branch of science. Yet there

* *The Household Cookery Book: Practical and Elementary Methods.* By Urban Dubois, Author of the "Artistic Cookery," and the "Cosmopolitan Cookery." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.

is wanting still a lower handbook furnishing data which every one ought to know in regard to what M. Dubois naturally deems the first business of life.

And this not only for the instruction of the mass of our cooks, who have yet to learn accuracy in weighing, timing, manipulating, and discriminating, but also of their masters and mistresses, and those whose palate they profess to serve. For example, at the outset of M. Dubois's "Household Cookery" there are some excellents hints as to carving at table—an art not to be allowed to die out so long as there are dinners *à la française* as well as *à la russe*, or, as is very much the case at moderate English dinner-parties, a kind of compromise between the two. We cannot indeed say that we take kindly to the "carving scissors" figured in p. 1, of which the author says that the combination in it of carving-knife and scissors makes it a great resource to those who know *how to use it skilfully*. But unless carvers take lessons in private, there would be a risk of unskilful handling, and it is perhaps better to endure the ills we have than to introduce at the table a third implement to which an unskilful dissector, sitting at the hostess's right hand, may at any time promiscuously resort to cover his own awkwardness, and delay the hopes of those who await a chicken wing or a merrythought. It seems doubtful whether three tools at disposal instead of two would enhance the *aplomb* which is required in carving a roast turkey, or the avoidance of the rock-a-head which our oracle warns of in the shape of such carving "as damages the gastronomic appearance." But, discarding the scissors question, we desiderate a common ground as to skilful and economic carving, which is a little obstructed by the difference of joints figured in this book from those which we know under the same names. The leg and the saddle of mutton drawn in pp. 7–11 are not cut *à l'anglaise;* and here and there the author's English is ambiguous, as when he uses the term "lengthwise" of slices carved, if we may judge by the illustration, rather slantwise, or, as he would say, "transversally." No doubt many useful wrinkles about neat and symmetrical carving do occur at the threshold of Dubois's "Household Cookery"; but he would have added to his boon if he had given some data or calculations of the quantity of meat which an experienced carver ought to get off a joint of a given weight. It is not long since we heard on good authority of the cook of a college in one of our Universities deliberately affirming that in cutting slices off a cold joint of eighteen pounds weight he could only utilize four pounds for luncheon commons. The inference must be either that he wished it to be supposed that the waste in trimmings, which in reality would in such a case be *nil*, was excessive, or else that he counted on a widespread ignorance of culinary economies in the minds of bursars and undergraduates. It is some index to this ignorance that, though every one cries shame on the cook in this instance, no two housekeepers would agree as to the proportion of available slices which ought to have resulted.

It may be urged that the *Household Cookery Book* presupposes a knowledge of such details and minutiæ, though the best elementary treatises on all subjects are those which presuppose no knowledge at all. But a juster ground of fault with the present book, at any rate as touching its fulfilment of the promise of its title, is that it attempts too much, and while professing economy and fitness for domestic use, involves a number of luxuries undreamed of in the kitchens and dining-rooms of our middle class. That this work is not for them may be guessed after a reference to p. 328, where, to the preparation of a striking pyramid of "potted fat liver," with aspic jelly, it is requisite that there should be *ice* in abundance, as well as a jar or case or two of Strasburg *foie gras*. In the country both are hard to come by, unless in the case of the upper ten thousand and those who, like Mr. Mortimer Collins, spare no expense to ensure long life by good living. Not to abide rigidly by the rule *ex uno disce omnes*, we may cite the prescription (p. 336) for "Wild Boar's Head." Here the author makes apologies for recommending the wild boar's head boiled *au naturel* instead of stuffed, because the latter dish, though more luxurious, is also more expensive and difficult. Yet even the simply cooked boar's head involves a good half of a week's preparation; much exercise of care and tact in moistening; gentle boiling; wrapping; unwrapping; surrounding with spices, onions, carrots, peppercorns, juniper-berries, and salt; glazing, and masking with aspic jelly; to say nothing of the imitative tusks of butter, the rosette of aspic jelly that masks the aperture of the skull, and the Cumberland sauce. *Non cuivis homini*, assuredly, is such a dish intended; indeed we doubt whether at average English dinners the outlay of pains and expense involved in transmogrifying the ordinary roast hare into a monstrosity of ugliness "by the removal of the sinewy skin of the fillets and larding them with bacon," as seen in drawing 260; or in spitting six roast thrushes "all of a row" on an iron skewer, so as to give the grotesque appearance of birds with their "paws" in their mouths and flannel jackets round their bodies, would be considered worth the trouble, or would meet the appreciation which we must presume it secures with Mr. Urban Dubois's more critical and distinguished clients in Germany. We forbear from reiterating our protest against the destruction of small birds involved in such dishes as this, and in the "hot lark pie," composed "of thirty larks seasoned *interiorly*," particulars of which are to be found in p. 365, because as yet such wanton avicide in the interests of gastronomy is quite exceptional.

But, to do our author justice, it should be acknowledged that from his own point of view he does occasionally give suggestions conducive to a just and not shabby economy. One of our national faults in cooking is to admire quantity rather than quality; to worship bulk and size in fish, flesh, and fowl, and to ignore waste, if by means of it the idea of a groaning board can be realized. Now M. Dubois is considerate enough to furnish sensible suggestions for dispensing with whole salmons and whole fillets of beef, at dinners where the number of guests is limited. "There is no impropriety," he writes, with an apologetic delicacy for fear of hurting our feelings, "even at a dinner, in serving a piece of salmon as a remove; in the first place because such a piece taken out of the middle of the salmon comprises the best part of the fish; and then, because it is more easily served than a whole fish" (p. 177). After which prelude, he introduces his readers to a *tronçon* of salmon with sauce of anchovy extract, garnished with potatoes cut in balls, and parsley leaves at one end of the dish, and one or two large crayfish at the other. Another and more elaborate variety of the same thing is the *tronçon* of salmon with aspic jelly (p. 183). Again, the middle piece of beef fillet braised *à la jardinière*, which is suggested in pp. 228–9, is conceived in the right spirit of household cookery, because, whilst it is a very handsome and elegant dish when duly trimmed and larded, "the extremities of the fillet that remain at disposal—*i.e.*, the head and end—may be usefully employed in the preparation of little fancy dishes, which are of high value for the ordinary fare of a household, such as 'tournedos,' 'paupiettes,' or beefsteak pie" (p. 229). *Apropos* of fillets of beef, we may call attention to the "carved fillet of beef, à la Providence," in p. 227, which subserves the interests of economy whilst in appearance tasteful and symmetrical, in that its centre part is disengaged, removed, and carved, and then restored to its place, so as to lose nothing of its "physiognomy." This manner of carving, applicable to other pieces of butchers' meat, tongues, &c., is called "carving *en entaille*."

It is of course too much to expect that, in preparing beefsteaks and mutton or veal cutlets, the process of "trimming" should be done away with; and perhaps, if the trimmings were honestly husbanded for the stockpot, the well-trimmed cutlet might be generally accepted as more a "thing of beauty" than the cutlet not trimmed at all. It is, however, a lame argument to say that the object of trimming is to give the eaters "neither too much trouble nor too much work," "work" and "trouble" being in our language moreover synonyms. Perhaps it is enough to claim that "trimming" should be confined within the strictest limits; for, indeed, otherwise in the case of a Welsh mutton cutlet (say from Clun or Cwmddaudwr) the edible fragment would run a risk of being improved away. With M. Dubois, no doubt, the trimmings would find their legitimate use; and it is one of his merits that, where he can, he economizes both labour and quantities, as in the case of the calf's-head served whole and without boning or farcing (an ugly dish to our thinking, by the way), the recipe for which is good, and the very opposite of extravagant. We spoke just now of the "stock-pot." It is in the pages of such writers as Gouffé or Dubois that one learns to understand its importance in foreign cookery, and to wish that it found more favour amongst ourselves. The process of cooking which its name stock-pot or *pot-au-feu* represents is simple enough when the secret of keeping the least possible surface of the pot exposed to the action of the fire is had ever in remembrance, but the results of it are manifold and appetizing to a high degree. The gourmet's stock-pot, for example, requires a good, fat, stuffed fowl and a piece of brisket of beef; but then, when you have done with the soup tureen, there remains the dish of beef surrounded by the vegetables from the pot, and this may be followed up by the "stock-pot fowl with curry," or "the stock-pot fowl for a salad," which, as well as the beef, has veritably paid a double debt.

We have no room to dwell on the many excellent hints, cautions, and recipes of this concluding volume of the Dubois series, though it may be confidently said that it will be highly valuable to the professional and amateur cook. Such a caution as that of scanning with a critical eye the preparations of vegetables and rice preserved dry for Julienne soup which are to be bought in the shops but which are seldom carefully enough compounded, is no doubt seasonable. Then, if the housekeeper is casting about for a variety in the way of *hors-d'œuvre*, she may find what she wants in the snipe-crusts, and oyster-crusts, described in p. 126, &c.; in the *canapés*, which (with an approach to an Irishism), M. Dubois tells us "are something of the species of sandwiches, but of another nature," in varieties of *rissoles, croquettes, bouchées, croustades, timbales*, and *cannelons*—anything, in short, save the "Larks in their Nests," which may be described as boned larks, with singed heads and glazed bodies sitting in scooped artichoke bottoms, with ready-laid eggs of forcemeat seemingly rendering their incubation objectless. Equally various and pertinent information abounds in the chapters upon fish and butchers' meat, eggs, fritters, vegetables, sweet entremets, pastry, ices, creams, &c.

With the distinct reservation that this book must not be expected to prove an infallible oracle to the distressed housewife of limited means who is wont to consult her fair sisters in the pages of the *Queen*, and who is ever racking her brains to produce some fresh culinary surprise at no cost for her *exigeant* and too self-indulgent spouse—and that, in fact, in its title "household" means the household of a master or mistress with at least a thousand a year—and no family to speak of—its merits as a book of reference, resource, and suggestiveness for the lovers of good living and refined cookery may be confidently guaranteed.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MESSRS. HACHETTE have added to their splendid collection entitled *Les grands Écrivains de la France* an edition of the Cardinal de Retz's well-known Memoirs.* The writings of the celebrated *Frondeur* include, however, other productions besides his autobiographical reminiscences; and as the plan of the publishers is to print the complete works of each writer, we may expect, in addition to the Memoirs, a series of pamphlets, Mazarinades, sermons, and other documents which are not so generally familiar to the reader. It is curious that not one of the twenty editions of the Memoirs published before the present one is correct. The first sixteen were printed from copies more or less faulty, and it is not surprising that they abounded in deficiencies, blunders, and absurdities of every kind; but as the last four were prepared from the original MS. preserved in the Paris National Library, the inaccuracies they contain seem rather startling. Some of them are positively ridiculous, and quite alter the sense of the passages in which they are to be found. Thus, whilst the autograph text tells us that "cardinal Chigi avoit été inquisiteur à Malte et *nonce* à Munster," the reprint of 1859 describes him as "inquisiteur à Malte et *non* à Munster." The preparation of the present edition has been entrusted to M. Alph. Feillet, whose work on *La Misère du temps de la Fronde* proves that he knows thoroughly the history of that turbulent period. The notes and illustrations are very copious, and each volume closes with an appendix of documents referring to various circumstances in the Coadjutor's life.

As a necessary complement to this work we must mention here M. Marius Topin's essay on Cardinal de Retz himself.† Written with a view to one of the prizes offered by the Académie Française, and having obtained the coveted honour, it has already passed through two editions, and now comes before us once more, duly revised by the author. M. Topin appears to have described with much truth the character of the arch-conspirator who, whilst writing at Commercy the recollections of his agitated life, might imagine that he was intriguing still. When the Fronde broke out, there can be no doubt that the demand for political reforms was amply justified; the country had been ruined by the financial mismanagement of Richelieu's subordinates, and, seeing one ecclesiastic succeeding to another as Prime Minister—seeing, moreover, Mazarin's decided inferiority to his predecessor as a home administrator, whatever might be his cleverness in dealing with foreign Powers—people were quite ready to rise in sedition against a Government represented by a woman and a boy five years old. M. Marius Topin is of opinion that the opposition of the *bourgeoisie* to Mazarin was perfectly legitimate, and he reserves all his blame for the aristocracy, whose sole object was to carry out their own selfish purposes under favour of the rebellion which they had done their best to excite. A number of passages from the Memoirs of the Coadjutor bring into strong relief the leading points of his character; and, comparing him with St.-Simon, M. Topin shows how these two distinguished writers help us to understand, as no one else has ever done, the real history of France during the seventeenth century.

Under the title *Les Jours d'épreuve* ‡ M. Caro publishes a series of articles which have appeared at intervals during the last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Comparing the views taken of Germany by Madame de Staël and by Heine, our author endeavours to show that the accomplished daughter of Necker cannot often be trusted in her conclusions. Her remarks on philosophy are extremely superficial, and her general estimate of the Germans is merely the result of her hatred of the despotism which the Government of Napoleon had introduced into France. To a person of liberal ideas, annoyed by Fouché's police, the land of Schiller and Goethe seemed a paradise. M. Caro does not deny that the reign of sentiment, goodwill, and political *bonhomie* may have existed for a short time on the other side of the Rhine; but it was, he says, soon superseded by the sway of brute force, which is one of the principal elements in the now fashionable Hegelian philosophy. As a rule, Heine, who laughed so much at Madame de Staël's enthusiasm, is, with all his faults, far nearer the truth in his estimate of Germany than was the authoress of *De l'Allemagne*. The first four essays of M. Caro's volume are taken up by the Franco-Prussian question; the last three treat of the Commune. We need scarcely add that, whilst defending the principle of liberty, or rather because he defends it, M. Caro is utterly opposed to revolutionary tendencies; he says, in fact, that the only chance of existence for the Republic consists in its throwing overboard the wild doctrines of 1793. One of the most interesting articles in this part of his volume is one entitled "La fin de la Bohême," which describes the accession to power of all the *déclassés* belonging to the literary and artistic world. A nation must have sunk very low indeed when it trusts its destinies to men whose career is nothing but an uninterrupted series of failures.

Whether in literature or in art, in philosophy or in religion, the same question meets us on every side. Whilst everything seems to be undergoing transformation, is there a principle invariable in its nature, as immutable as truth itself, which may serve as a standard whereby to judge the new ideas and doctrines proposed for our acceptance? How is it possible to estimate the value of things transitory by nature if we cannot take as a term of comparison some object essentially permanent? And if, as some say, mutability is inevitable, how shall we distinguish the mutable from that which is everlastingly true? Most persons, remarks M. Janet, only look at one side of the question, and according as they are conservatives or revolutionists they deny the necessity of change, or denounce the folly of repose. Our author thinks that the true solution of the difficulty is to be found in a happy medium; and it is from this point of view that he examines the problems* of the nineteenth century. His book, reprinted from the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is divided into five sections, treating respectively of politics, literature, science, philosophy, and religion. The examination of the first of these is suggested by a review of M. de Tocqueville's writings. The author of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* believed, as most of our readers know, that democracy was fraught with danger, not only for order, but for liberty; the tendency of modern society was to introduce a kind of despotism which was the more to be dreaded because it would be wielded by a mob always deaf to any voice except that of passion. M. Janet does not share these apprehensions; he believes that the general ideas of liberalism which democracy brings in its train can more than counterbalance the *outrecuidance* of a majority. In like manner he contends that the possibility of conciliating the claims of imagination with the cardinal rules of taste requires little demonstration; if, again, we turn our attention towards the scientific world, we shall see that the warmest champions of the experimental method must give up the fond delusion of solving the problems referring to our moral nature; and, finally, he looks forward to a transformation of Christianity as destined to settle for some time at least the religious difficulty. Such, in a few words, are the views expounded by M. Janet in the volume before us.

M. Odilon-Barrot published some time ago a work on administrative decentralization; his present volume is a sequel to that book†, and the ideas it develops may be summed up in a very few words. He advocates the introduction of the jury, as a rule, in civil cases, leaving to the judges merely the interpretation of the law. Reforms are urgently required in all French institutions, and the magistracy stands in need of them quite as much as the army. It ought to be impossible for any usurper to talk of "pitching the *avocats* into the river," as Bonaparte did on the 18th of Brumaire; and the best way of making it impossible is to raise the dignity of the magistracy, and to place it beyond the region of political strife.

M. Jules Levallois has some right to be heard on behalf of M. Sainte-Beuve‡, whose secretary he was for a short time; but we must confess that the publications which have lately appeared with reference to the illustrious critic are by no means calculated to raise him in the estimation of dispassionate judges. His talent, of course, no one would call in question, but he never knew how to be impartial, and he was too fond of knocking down his own idols for the purpose of satisfying a feeling of spite or of jealousy. M. Levallois examines successively in M. Sainte-Beuve the *littérateur*, the public character, and the man, supplementing his volume by a series of letters which the indefatigable *causeur* addressed to several of his friends. It is the latter part of this biographical sketch which interests us most, because in the great majority of cases a knowledge of the man is the best clue to an appreciation of the writer. Now even the greatest admirers of M. Sainte-Beuve's talent cannot deny that he was strangely deficient in moral sense, and that he lacked therefore the fundamental qualities of a trustworthy guide of public opinion. M. Levallois expresses a wish that all the voluminous correspondence of his master may one day be printed; but we hope, for the sake of M. Sainte-Beuve himself, that this will not be done; of all contemporary authors he is the one who can least bear to be studied *en déshabillé*.

A widely different impression comes upon us when we think of Lamartine.§ The author of *Jocelyn* was certainly not without his faults, and some of them are glaring enough; but generosity, self-sacrifice, and patriotism are qualities which atone for many shortcomings. M. de Mazade begins his preface by bewailing what he considers to be the deficiency of really great men at the present time; England, Germany, and France are in this respect, we are told, on exactly the same level, and Lamartine may be called, whether we consider him as a writer or a politician, *le dernier des Romains*. Biographical details are quite wanting in the volume of M. de Mazade, who aims only at giving the general features of his hero as a poet, an orator, and a statesman. The description of the last few years of Lamartine's life is extremely painful. After having been for a brief space of time the arbiter of his country's destinies, and almost the sovereign of France, to find himself superseded by unscrupulous intriguers, and obliged to struggle with poverty in its most repulsive shape, was a terrible reverse of fortune. The historian of the Girondists soon found that the Republican form of government was not that panacea which would-be politicians had been extolling for eighteen years during the reign of Louis Philippe, and his experience of

* *Œuvres du cardinal de Retz.* Nouvelle édition, publiée par M. A. Feillet. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Le cardinal de Retz; son génie, ses écrits.* Par Marius Topin. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Les Jours d'épreuve.* Par E. Caro. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Les Problèmes du 19e siècle.* Par Paul Janet. Paris: Didier.

† *De l'Organisation judiciaire en France.* Par M. Odilon-Barrot. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Sainte-Beuve.* Par Jules Levallois. Paris: Didier.

§ *Lamartine; sa vie littéraire et politique.* Par Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Didier.

public life was more than sufficient to dispel all his illusions as to the capacity of his fellow-countrymen for framing a reasonable code of democratic institutions. The triumph of the Commune, could he have witnessed it, would probably have disgusted him with Republicanism altogether.

M. Michelet* has begun a new series of historical *rêveries*, which he fondly calls by the ambitious name of *Histoire du 19e Siècle*. It forms a continuation of his work on the French Revolution, and the volume now before us, beginning with the Directory, takes us as far as the battle of Castiglione. We have already had occasion to remark on the change which manifested itself in M. Michelet's ideas between the publication of the sixth volume of his *Histoire de France* and his subsequent productions; and yet the imaginative author persists in asserting that he has not altered, and that the point of view at which he places himself in 1872 is exactly the same which he adopted in 1836. The great fault which we have to find with M. Michelet is that he is too fond of drawing grave conclusions from the most trifling data; he is always ready to build a whole superstructure of impossibilities on the very frailest foundation; the gossiping side of history is that which pleases him especially, and the form of gossip he likes most has its model in the *scabreux* passages of Suetonius or Brantôme. He says himself in his new volume that "l'histoire ne fera jamais rien si elle ne perd le respect," and accordingly all the latter portions of his History of France are nothing but a systematic attempt to drag in the mud the noblest traditions and the greatest names of his country. No one has done so much as M. Michelet to destroy in France the sense of "respect" without which a nation has no enduring life. The present volume contains curious details as to Babeuf, St.-Simon, and the Socialists of the *Directoire* epoch; but the section relating to Bonaparte is simply ridiculous.

M. Jules Barni, M. Daniel Ramée, and Count Agénor de Gasparin, are all very anxious that France should rise from its ashes, and recover its former place in Europe, but the means they propose are not identical. As a determined Christian and a Protestant, Count de Gasparin believes that a return to religion is the only solution of the problem†. Without repentance, he says, there is no hope for France, but unfortunately the majority of the French people, the leaders of public opinion especially, scout the very idea of repentance. M. de Gasparin, who makes no secret of his attachment to the Government of Louis Philippe, traces back all the catastrophes through which his country has passed to the Revolution of 1848; he also speaks with remarkable impartiality about the Germans, and concludes that in many respects they ought to be imitated by those whom they have defeated.

M. Jules Barni's *Manuel républicain* ‡ is a kind of text-book intended to teach French Republicans their duties and their privileges. Published at Tours in M. Gambetta's *Bulletin de la République*, it is the ideal programme of a state of things which the democrats of 1872, at any rate, do not seem much inclined to realize.

M. Barni's only notice of religious matters in his *brochure* is, so to speak, of a purely administrative nature; it refers to the question of Church and State, and simply advocates the system adopted in the United States. M. Daniel Ramée goes further §; with an *aplomb* which is only equalled by the pretentious character of his style and by the ignorance which he displays, he denounces Christianity, and tacks a chapter of very queer theology on to a book the elements of which have been borrowed from all quarters. It is extraordinary that, with his extraordinary *copia fandi*, M. Ramée should be so bitter against the *avocats*. Perhaps, however, it is only what the French call *jalousie de métier*.

We have received several books of travels which deserve to be noticed here. M. de Chambrier takes us, in his amusing volume, from Neuchâtel to the Bosphorus, passing through Vienna and Pesth.‖ He does not give much attention to politics, but he describes very well the character of the various nations he has visited, and shows that he possesses the qualities alike of an artist, an historian, and a painstaking writer.

M. Louis de Carné did not, unfortunately, live to publish the journal of his voyage to China ¶, and it is on his father that the melancholy duty has devolved of introducing to the world this new volume, one of the best of its kind which we have seen for a long time. M. de Carné was only twenty-seven years old when he died, and it is seldom that we find men of his age with such sound ideas on questions of political and social economy. He perceived that a good system of colonization is the only safeguard against the danger arising from the attitude of the working classes in Europe; and as far back as 1864 he declared that, unless France could find for her proletariate an outlet similar to the American Far West, the cause of civilization was seriously endangered. M. de Carné's volume will repay the reader the time he may spend upon it; a great deal of labour has evidently been bestowed upon its composition; and the illustrations are good and well executed.

* *Directoire; origine des Bonaparte.* Par J. Michelet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *La France; nos fautes, nos périls, notre avenir.* Par le comte de Gasparin. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Manuel républicain.* Par Jules Barni. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La République; son développement dans l'état et dans la société.* Par Daniel Ramée. Paris: Lemerre.

‖ *Un peu partout.* Par. M. de Chambrier. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Voyage en Indo-Chine, et dans l'empire chinois.* Par L. de Carné. Paris: Dentu.

The second instalment of M. Jules Favre's *Histoire du Gouvernement de la Défense nationale** is perhaps still more interesting than the first. The author aims less at giving a diplomatic *résumé* than a complete history of Paris during the siege; he brings us down to the Versailles conferences which preceded the capitulation of the metropolis and the last days of the Government of National Defence. M. Jules Favre writes with obvious sincerity and good faith; nor does he endeavour in the smallest degree to conceal the faults, the weaknesses, or the difficulties which may be placed to the account both of himself and his colleagues. His work is, so to say, the evidence given by a witness who has lost all his illusions, and who throws around his reminiscences a veil of sadness. The painful attitude of the Government, between the Prussians on the one side and the insurrection on the other, is powerfully described by M. Favre. In November the news from the provinces had given a gleam of hope which the battle of Champigny soon dispelled. Then it was, says our author, that Count von Moltke's proposals should have been accepted, and new negotiations entered upon before the situation became quite desperate. But the fear of irritating the Parisians prevented the Government from even thinking of a compromise, and matters soon went from bad to worse. M. Jules Favre has added to his volume a certain number of *pièces justificatives*; they are not very new, but they are the necessary appendix of a history which professes to describe the terrible incidents of the Franco-Prussian war.

Since the Crimean struggle the French navy has entered upon a new period of its existence; it formed during that campaign the basis of the operations of the army, and it contributed in a very great degree to the success of the whole expedition. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière † was perhaps better qualified than any one else to discuss this important subject, for he speaks of events *quorum pars magna fuit*. Not only does he relate the various episodes of the war, but he endeavours to expound the lessons to be deduced from them, and he shows what are the best means of giving to the navy all the efficiency of which it is capable. Enlistment, special schools, institutions of different kinds are carefully discussed, and a voluminous collection of illustrative documents serves to confirm his statements and suggestions.

Amongst the novels lately published *Fleurange* ‡ is the one which has obtained, as it deserves, the greatest success. When we say that it is the work of Mrs. Craven, we shall have sufficiently indicated the kind of entertainment which the reader may expect. We shall take a future opportunity of speaking of it more in detail; at present we will only say that the beauty of self-sacrifice and of devotedness is set forth in a couple of volumes containing a story well told and characters full of originality and vigour.

* *Gouvernement de la Défense nationale.* Par M. Jules Favre. Deuxième partie. Paris: Plon.

† *La Marine d'aujourd'hui.* Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Fleurange.* Par Mrs. Craven. Paris: Didier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.
SATURDAY (June 1)—FOURTH SUMMER CONCERT.
MONDAY—ORCHESTRAL BAND; GREAT ORGAN.
TUESDAY—OPERA, "The Love Spell," at 3; DOG SHOW (First day).
WEDNESDAY—GARDEN FÊTE; DOG SHOW (Second day).
THURSDAY—OPERA, "Robin Hood;" DOG SHOW (Third day).
FRIDAY—LAST DAY of DOG SHOW; ORCHESTRAL BAND; GREAT ORGAN.
SATURDAY—FIFTH GRAND SUMMER CONCERT.
Mr. WILLIAM PAUL'S EXHIBITION of GROWING ROSES DAILY.
Admission, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s. (or by Ticket purchased beforehand, 2s.6d.); or by Guinea Season Tickets.

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Tourists' Tickets by all Railways.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, at 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary*.

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MISS GLYN'S SHAKESPEREAN READINGS.—Miss GLYN (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) will continue her SHAKESPEREAN READINGS at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the following dates, at half-past Eight: Friday next, June 7, from "The Merchant of Venice;" Tuesday, June 18, from "Romeo and Juliet;" Friday, June 28, from "Measure for Measure."
Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., and 1s., at Mitchell's Royal Library; at Chappell & Co.'s; at the Rooms; of Miss Glyn; at Mr. Carter's, 6 Hanover Square; and the usual Agents.

SPIRITUALISM or CHRISTIANITY—GERALD MASSEY'S Fourth and concluding LECTURE, "Christianity as hitherto Interpreted; a Second Advent in Spiritualism." St. George's Hall, Langham Place, June 7, at Three o'clock. Admission, 2s. and 1s.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND. Established 1810.—*President*—Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., F.R.S.—The Sixty-third ANNIVERSARY DINNER will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Saturday, June 8. R. N. Fowler, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.
L. YOUNG, *Secretary*.

INDIAN CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE, Cooper's Hill.—By Order of the Secretary of State for India in Council.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION will be held in July, 1872, for selection of Fifty CANDIDATES for admission to this College. For further particulars apply by letter only to the Secretary, Public Works Department, India Office, S.W., or to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, S.W.
India Office, September 7, 1871.

INDIA OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.—By Order of the Secretary of State for India in Council.
Notice is hereby given that Appointments to the INDIAN PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT of ASSISTANT ENGINEER, SECOND GRADE, Salary 4,200 rupees (about £420) per annum), will be available in 1874 for such Candidates as may be found duly qualified.
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For Numbers 1 and 4 an allowance for age is made in favour of young boys.
The Examination will commence on Wednesday, June 19, at Nine A.M.
Further information can be obtained of the HEAD-MASTER, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

THE COLLEGE Isle of Cumbrae.—There will be room for a few STUDENTS from the ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES during the Long Vacation. Early application is desirable.—Address, The Rev. THE PROVOST, the College, Isle of Cumbrae, by Greenock, N.B.

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